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THE LITERARY WEEK

ONE supposes that it is all for the best. First the flourish of trumpets, and then appeared "Books" with enormous pomp. We were given to understand that at last we should see what real literary criticism was. Some of the reviews were rather well done in a homely, unpretentious way; nothing was said that really mattered, but the grammar was all right, and the opinions expressed seemed much less imbecile as a rule than those of the average literary paper. Then, somehow or other, "Books" became a "Books' Supplement," and for the last two weeks there have been simply two columns of reviews in the *Daily Mail*. We must try to bear up; though we shall miss the gentleman who wrote this sort of thing:

The Celtic Temperament has presented us with many good things, It has given us, for instance, most of our really popular writers. There are Mr. Hall Caine, a Manx-Celt; Miss Corelli, with the Celtic blood and fervour in her; Ian Maclaren, a Highlander, and there is Mr. Guy Thorne, who may be called a Celt by adoption, since he has proved, by selecting Canwell for a long residence, his natural affinity with Celtic surroundings—his Celtic temperament. . . . He [Mr. Crockett] has, in fact, rather the appearance of a kindly, humorous Dissenting minister than that of a great writer, and this is very much to his credit. . . . A young man and a young woman in this book do not get near an armchair without Mr. Crockett's implying that they occupied it together. He hints at these delicate amours, thus making them mysterious, alluring and sentimental—in the true Celtic manner.

Old Mr. Brontë said that the Duke of Wellington's speech on a certain occasion was like "fine gold"; but the words of this "Books' Supplement" critic are like Orient pearls, exceeding rich and rare. The list of Celts is as a sardine stone, set about with jaspers and chrysoprases, the inferences drawn are like chalcedonies and chrysolites. To draw up a list of Celtic writers which includes such names as Crockett, Corelli, Guy Thorne, and Caine, and omits all mention of Mr. Yeats: it is a feat apocalyptic in its splendour. And then how about Miss Corelli's blood? One would think that the critic had had it analysed at Apothecaries' Hall, but this is obviously out of the question: And if Mr. Thorne shows that he is a Celt at heart because he has lived for some time in Cornwall, how is it that Miss Corelli does not (apparently) show that she possesses the Midland temperament by her long residence at Stratford-on-Avon? Then there is certainly something more precious than fine samite in the suggestion that Mr. Crockett should, in the nature of things, look like a great writer; and the judgment that it is creditable to resemble a Dissenting preacher must be classed with objects that are priceless because unique. It is a pity, indeed, if such a writer as this is to be lost to criticism.

But perhaps the Lords Carmelite are wise. Literary criticism is not exactly their "line"—if one may use a word which the Great Lexicographer disliked. Fiction? Yes, certainly; there are no novels quite like the *Daily Mail* stories; but we believe prophecy to be the real business of the firm. The other day a *Daily Mail* reporter stated that a certain foolish young fellow had undergone an X-ray examination several days before the examination took place; he also described how the bullet had disconcerted the surgeons by whirling round continuously inside the patient!

"Very singular things occur in our profession, I can assure you, sir," said Hopkins.

"So I should be disposed to imagine," replied Mr. Pickwick.

It is a pity for a paper which can do this kind of thing to bother its head about such a trifle as Literature.

We have received lately one or two compliments from the *Globe*, tempered by motherly rebukes, on the over-exuberance of our damnatory criticism. We have pleasure in quoting extracts from a leading article entitled "Starving Education," which appeared in our contemporary's columns on August 3, concerning a deputation of Non-conformist leaders to the Prime Minister and Mr. McKenna:

The new regulations for training colleges, the aim of which is simply to place institutions erected at the expense of the Anglican Church at the service of some of her most bitter and occasionally unscrupulous opponents, were naturally commended by the leaders of Dissent.

"Dr." Clifford was good enough to express his gratification, though this militant high priest of rancorous political Nonconformity naturally did not believe that the new regulations even yet go far enough. Probably nothing short of making the Church pay the whole cost, and depriving her of any voice in the expenditure would satisfy his bitter partisanship.

Even the old rules are being perverted by sectarian tyranny, as has been shown by the proceedings in Merionethshire of late: Mr. McKenna, after much shuffling and severe heckling, has been forced to confess that the salaries of the local Church school teachers have not been paid, and he shows no sign of readiness to put in force the undoubted powers of his Department to compel the County Education authority to fulfil its legal duties.

If the Act of 1902 is perverted in this way with the passive approval of the Government, it does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell with what amount of honesty their rabid Dissenting masters will administer the new regulations.

We are very glad to find our elderly evening contemporary so vigorous in "the cock-pit" and to be in accord with her. It may not be always so; though we are able now to damn her enemies we may not hereafter be able to bless her friends.

Thanks to the persistency of Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. McKenna has now been forced to take action as regards the Merionethshire local education authority, and to state that he has requested it to pay the salaries as soon as possible. Lord Robert Cecil pointed out

that as soon as the Education Act of 1902 was passed a considerable agitation was aroused in Wales, largely by members of the present Government, the object of which was to bring about what was commonly called the Welsh revolt. The general purport of the movement in the first instance was to decline to work the Act, but that was soon abandoned because some of the chief movers in the revolt accepted places of profit for the administration of the Act.

We quote from the report in the *Times*, the italics are ours. One of the people who have accepted places of profit for the administration of the Act is Mr. McKenna. We are not among the partisans of the Act of 1902. Nevertheless, it is part of the law regarding education, which Mr. McKenna is paid a large sum to administer. If he has conscientious objections to it, why does he accept money to carry it out? There is conscience, and

the Nonconformist conscience. Mr. McKenna's conscience is of the latter, the profitable kind. It enables him to join in plots to render a law nugatory, and to accept payment for enforcing it.

A leader has seldom been exposed more naïvely by a follower than has Mr. McKenna by Mr. Osmond Williams. Mr. Osmond Williams states that the present unfortunate position of the Merionethshire teachers is largely their own fault, because they had all along been aware of the resolution of the Merionethshire Council, which was, to jockey them out of their salaries as long as Mr. McKenna could conceal his complicity with the Council. The teachers would have been more prudent to have resigned their appointments directly Mr. McKenna accepted his. This is what their representatives' advice amounts to. We should conclude that Mr. Osmond Williams's protestations of the earnestness of his Churchmanship would not again deceive the electors of any constituency, which contains even so small a minority as one-tenth averse to Nonconformist tyranny and public jobbery. What is to be said of a system of representation, which leaves the defence of the personal legal rights of constituents to any stranger who has the public spirit to undertake it against a conspiracy of their own member with a paid administrator of the law?

Our contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, which always has the air of attempting to swallow Nonconformist drugs as if it really liked them, endeavours in the interests of its party to represent Lord Robert Cecil as demanding that the Board of Education should strain its legal powers in order to coerce the Merionethshire local authority. Lord Robert Cecil did nothing of the kind. After persistent questioning he succeeded in extracting from Mr. McKenna the fact that he had invited the local authority to obey the law. The obvious conclusion to be drawn is, that Lord Robert Cecil did much more than extract this news, and that but for him, no invitation would ever have been addressed to the local authority. To pretend that "the Opposition evidently suspected that the Government would, manage to elude the Act somehow," is an attempt to evade the main point, which is that Mr. McKenna will use his position to persecute the non-provided schools wherever he can, that a narrow-minded sectarian of his stamp is unfit to be President of the Board of Education, and that he has directly encouraged the local authorities in withholding the legal rights of the teachers. Our contemporary is perfectly aware that Mr. McKenna's predecessor was not open to the same objections that he is, and was therefore not attacked in the same way.

It seems certain that the late Mr. Rhodes was a direct emissary of Providence. He not only dreamed of the "All Red" Line from Cairo to the Cape; he regenerated Oxford by his famous bequest. Everybody knows that Oxford was in a very bad way indeed; business men frowned on it, people felt that it was no longer in accord with the spirit of the times, and of course we all know that if an ancient University is not thoroughly "up to date" it is worse than useless. The Rhodes Scholars have changed all this: Mr. Schutt and Mr. Courtney, both Americans who profit by the great South African endowment, have just promoted the "London Sight-Seeing Company" which will enable Americans to see London "cheaply, quickly and thoroughly" for five shillings. Mr. Schutt promises to combine the racy dialogue of Cornell with the idealism and romance of Oxford. The "romance of Oxford!" The spirit of the place must be broken, indeed; or the person with the characteristic Anglo-Saxon name, whose ancestors doubtless fled for freedom's sake, from the persecutions of Kaiser Karl and Erzbischof Laudius would not—well, would not be very comfortable at Oxford. There used to

be some word in use at Oxford—something like *generosus*. It is an obsolete word, a remnant of effete mediævalism; it may be found probably in Ducange, and it is supposed to signify a person who disdains dirty little profits obtained under hypocritical pretences.

The Bishop of London has countered the Government's move of appointing an extreme low church evangelical clergyman to the living of St. Saviour's, Hoxton (a scandalous proceeding to which we referred the other day), by inducing the Rev. G. W. Hockley, who had been preferred to the vicarage of St. Matthew's, Westminster, to abandon his preferment and remain at Hoxton. The congregation of St. Saviour's will thus escape the fate of having forced down their throats, in the person of the Rev. James Waring, a clergyman who not only is notorious for his extreme low church views, but who also enjoys the distinction of being a renegade Roman Catholic priest. Commenting on these facts *Truth* remarks in its issue of last week: "Immense and irreparable harm has been done in many parishes by the reprehensible disregard by patrons of the wishes and customs of congregations, and sudden and violent alterations at St. Saviour's would have caused great bitterness and squabbling, and would simply have broken up much good work." The fact that a paper which holds such extreme radical views, and is such a strong supporter of the present Government, should express itself thus strongly with regard to that Government's action will we hope convince certain critics that, in referring to the "Crown" appointment at Hoxton as a scandalous misuse of power by the present Government, we were not venturing into the forbidden paths of party politics. We have nothing to do with party politics, but when either of the great political parties is guilty of such unfair and mischievous actions as this we shall not hesitate to express our opinion in the strongest terms.

The Press advertisements certainly afford some excitement to the public during uninteresting seasons. When we see items of news such as "The calling out of three thousand troops" we speculate whether they are intended for Belfast, or Casa Blanca, or New York. Thanks to its superior civilisation, the good fame of the Irish Constabulary, and Mr. Birrell's astuteness and fertility in expedient, Belfast strikes us as the least unpleasant place of residence at the moment, especially for strangers. The ineligibility of Casa Blanca also appears to be merely acute. The strangers who reside there do so on sufferance and for their own profit. They are fully aware of the risks they run. The ineligibility of New York is chronic and affects its citizens nearly as much as the strangers it welcomes under the false pretence of civilisation. We should advise the inhabitants to migrate to Casa Blanca, where they will not have to keep up appearances and will be at least protected to some extent by European troops.

We condole with the citizens of the United States on the loss of their popular sculptor, Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens. One of our contemporaries has the *malice* to recall that President Roosevelt declared of him not long ago; "There is certainly no greater artistic genius living in the United States or elsewhere." Mr. Roosevelt has more interest in determining the relative degrees of artistic geniuses living in the United States, than we have, but "elsewhere" is a large word in the "Yellow" mind. The late Mr. Saint-Gaudens was born in Dublin, so that his inherited qualities are even less autochthonous to the states of his adoption than Mr. Roosevelt's. As a matter of heredity, rather more sense of proportion in Art might be expected from a Dutch Jew, but it is not surprising that a long course of American commercial and political life has upset it.

HYLAS

HERACLES absent, Hylas left his oar
Sent to despoil the Naiads' antient home:
But they delayed him; till Aegean foam
Was cloven again round Argo. More and more
Marvelling, Heracles in turn must roam
And cry, till, mocking him, the breakers' roar
Seemed turned to "Hylas!" till the bent-grey shore
The pine-green mountains, echoed "Hylas!—come!"

Yet he came not. Lies he on some green bed
Mute trophy of their fruitless victory
Who round him mourn? Perhaps he is not dead
But rules their region, and is fancied free,
While lank-stemmed lilies, wreathed about his head,
Rise to the air and plead for liberty.

C. K. S.-M.

SUMMER
CHANT ROYAL

THE city broods beneath the windless sky
As one whose heart beats steadily in sleep;
Her pilgrims hear her murmuring, and sigh
Watching the dull, slow-swerving barges creep
Down the low river in the listless fret
Of waters where complaining tides have met,
Tracing dark plumes of smoke amid the haze.
From sturdy steamers, parting silvery ways
Through sombre arches o'er a loitering tide,
Then turn from these dim pageantries to praise
The secret of our deathless love and pride.

Long, echoing streets where purple vapours lie,
Grim buildings huddled in a shapeless heap
Loom as a vision, vague, distorted, high
Amid a languid land whose shadows sweep
Round from the sun in staring silhouette,
Shadows of bridge and dome and minaret;
And we who grope within the sinuous maze
Of this tremendous dream, where cities blaze
As planets which too near the radiance ride
Wait for the consolation Hope repays—
The secret of our deathless love and pride.

All sweet adventures gold could never buy,
The splendid sorrows that we held too cheap,
All high-born visions life could e'er descry,
The early harvests youth has failed to reap,
Splendours of twilight, when our eyes were wet
With mystic tears—all these we count a debt
To thee, Queen Summer; and the bolder rays
Of thy proud noons, at which unveiled we gaze
With sheltered eyes, illumine the earthward side
Of some strange world, wherein for ever lays
The secret of our deathless love and pride.

Vast, foam-encircled rocks, where sea-gulls cry,
The low-hung moon, whose lantern paints the deep
With gleaming arabesques that change and die
In steadfast shadows over coast and steep,
These are but dreams within the silver net
Of memory; and visions star-beset
Of many a sail in fairy-haunted bays,
Of gently-plashing prow, salt, stinging sprays,
Bind us to linger, wistful, at her side
To learn again throughout the darkening days
The secret of our deathless love and pride.

Sing not December, when the snowflakes fly
Nor April glens where lambs in gladness leap,
But hymn the sunburnt fields of corn and rye
That radiant Summer in her store doth keep;
April with daffodil and violet
Left us disconsolate—can we forget
Her broken promise, her disloyal fays?
But Summer is fulfilment, and betrays
The shining face of Hope, calm, level-eyed,
Who all our fears with cool, sweet hands allays—
The secret of our deathless love and pride.

Prince! When the censer of thy dreaming sways
Its perfume to and fro, and o'er thee strays
A vision of enchantment, as a bride
'Tis Summer, Queen inviolate, who displays
The secret of our deathless love and pride.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

LITERATURE

AGNES TOBIN: POETESS

On the Death of Madonna Laura. By FRANCESCO PETRARCA,
Rendered into English by AGNES TOBIN. (Heinemann).

SUCH a wonderful version of an Italian poem as Thomson's prose rendering of the "Mummy Chorus" from Leopardi is certainly preferable to even Rossetti's best efforts in verse. Poetry must take its own way obedient to the genius of the language in which it is written and that of the writer, and can, therefore, not support a third domination whether that of a conventional standard of beauty or that of a foreign original. Prose is more serviceable and by reason of its greater freedom is capable of a more absolute self-abandon. For this reason the best translations of poetry will always finally be in rhythmical prose, though such versions cannot rival their originals as one in verse possibly might, occasionally has, at least in respect to beauty and poetical power. Nothing could more radically differ from the pattern of Italian poetry than the pattern of English poetry, the enormous proportion of words ending in "o" or "a" in the former alone suffice to alienate them, without considering its grammatical construction so much more economical in respect of ineffective syllables. The great fault of English is that the mere business of a sentence so fills the mouth. Hence the great fault of English poets is to mutilate grammatical construction and overload the ornamental additions;

That golden leash, whose ravelled ends do strain
Full one and twenty golden threads agleam
About my heart, is broken. Living stream,
Life ebbing out, men do not die of pain :
For while I lay in the ebb, nor could sustain
Even the thought of Life, Love, cruel, did seem
To come like a lithe tiger in my dream,
Breaking his prey again and yet again ;
On every side but one he lit great fires
With his wild torch, and on that side he laid
A subtle-meshed web from end to end :
But then came Death, in sound of many lyres,
Stamped out the flames, rended the net, and stayed
To soothe my tortured senses like a friend.

This is so obviously obscure that Miss Tobin has thought best to add this explanation :

Having lost Laura after twenty-one years of longing in the frenzy of his grief, the Poet begins to turn to An Unknown Lady—but suddenly Death takes her.

Petrarch's original does not need such a note and is more intelligible than the translation, note and all.

The burning knot wherein I was held captive hour on hour in all twenty-one whole years, Death unloosed. Never had I known such heaviness, nor do I (now) believe that man can die of grief. Love, not wishing to lose me yet, had stretched another snare among the grasses and from fresh tinder lighted another fire such as (only) with great difficulty I should have escaped from. And, if I had not had so much experience from those former afflictions, I should have been taken and have burnt so much the more as I am (now) less green wood. Death has freed me yet another time, and broken the toils and quenched and scattered the fire against which neither strength nor ingenuity avail.

This is literally all Petrarch says: there is nothing about "ravelled ends," "Living stream," "Life ebbing out or lying in life's ebb," Love being like a tiger or breaking his prey, nor his lighting of great fires on every side but one, nor the "sound of many lyres," nor yet anything to correspond to the last pathetic line. Yet I think every one will agree that it is just these violent images that give its peculiar character to Miss Tobin's sonnet. The original for all these things must rather be sought in Swinburne's than in Petrarch's work. Tone, temper, sentiment, range of metaphor, every characteristic is transformed. Nor is this an exceptional case, but over and over again Miss Tobin is thus independent of the famous author whose name she borrows for a title.

Petrarch's distinction lies in the polished and exquisite artistry of his sonnets and canzoni; by imagination and significance he is rather representative than profound or original. Though Miss Tobin's verse is neither polished nor exquisite, she may perhaps fairly claim to have transmuted an obsolete and foreign representative form of love poetry into a living and current one. Her profuse and indiscriminate imagefulness may be as typical of what is considered most essentially poetical to-day as in Petrarch's day was his melodious and reminiscent choicefulness. Both reflect from more profound and original poets sentiments and moods which, while straining thin, they render more generally acceptable, and in doing this both evince a natural abundance, individuality and energy. This is the best interpretation that it seems possible to put on Miss Tobin's claim that she has done Petrarch into English. In no other sense is her work, save for a few short passages, ever a translation. An eminent critic has said :

Petrarch is musical, ingenious, learned and passionate, but he is weak. His art is greater than his thought. In the quality of his mind there is nothing truly distinguished. The discipline of his long and hopeless love brings him little wisdom, little consolation. . . . Sometimes, indeed, he repeats what he must have read and heard so often, and gives us his version of Plato in half a sonnet . . .

Hence comes the understanding of Love's scope
That seeking her to perfect good aspires,
Accounting little what all flesh desires ;
And hence the spirits happy pinions ope
In flight impetuous to the heaven's choirs,
Wherefore I walk already proud in hope.

Those lines give a very different idea of Petrarch's style to that given by Miss Tobin, but on that there is no

further need to insist. There are many expressions of the platonic ideal of love in Miss Tobin's translations, though of course the most signal of them are not to be found in the original, but like the last line of the sonnet already quoted are her own interpolations. Yet I am afraid that Mr. Santayana would find only too much reason to call them mere repetitions of what she "must have read and heard so often." One of the best is avowedly original in the dedication of her volume to her Father's Memory.

For me, I con these bright monotonous things *
That when my angel meets me on the strand
And stuns me in the rushing of his wings
I may say something he can understand.

The desire to grow capable of communion with nobler and purer spirits is a good justification of any study or passion, and helps us to excuse the senseless yet characteristic violence of the third line, even though we conceive of our angels as less clumsy and cannot realise how those stunned could say anything intelligible or the reverse. To judge quite new poetry is, however, a most damning impertinence, and he who yields to it is indeed judged. Even those of us who may be reacting against the delusions which Miss Tobin apparently cherishes are her contemporaries, and therefore perforce view her startling productions without perspective. Nobody who has a taste for the poetical fashions of to-day and is interested in the culture of passion, will find that a recommendation to read this book has been a trap and a snare, and therefore we unhesitatingly bait it with yet another quotation, this time from one of quite the simplest, freshest, and least platonic sonnets in this really rich and varied collection :

O my Belovèd, why so late to-night ?
Is it that you but linger to restrung
The carven viol that you mean to bring
To dance to, till my weary heart grows light ?
For lovers see all clear on Heaven's height ;
Disdain and anger are a little thing ;
Not as on earth, where pain may true love wring
To know another revels in its plight.
Hang in the air no longer, come to me
O quiet eyes that look me through and through,
And watch my deep wound throb unceasingly :
Alas ! it will not close as others do ;
Alas ! the thirst is deeper than the sea.
Nothing can quench or satisfy but you.

Though the state of mind represented be neither coherent nor edifying, there is real emotion, and the sestet at least has in consequence a real integrity of rhythm, such as in English sonnets is too rare.

T. STURGE MOORE.

GOOD LITTLE BOOKS

The Call of the Father. By the Right Rev. ARTHUR F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, D.D., Lord Bishop of London. (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.)

Principal Rainy. By ROBERT MACKINTOSH, D.D. (Melrose, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Silver Lining. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A. (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.)

Christus Redivivus. By S. HENRY, B.A. (Drane, 5s. net.)

Old Testament Miracles in the Light of the Gospel. By A. ALLEN BROCKINGTON, M.A. (Clark, 3s. net.)

What about the New Theology ? By W. L. WALKER. (Clark, 2s. 6d. net.)

It is rather unfair, perhaps, to include the Bishop of London's mission sermons under a title which is not meant to indicate approval, for, within their limits, these addresses contain plenty of good, practical advice, delivered with a certain rather attractive earnestness. One notes, by the way, however, that while gambling is denounced as a great cause of evil, there is not the same insistence on the radical evil of the whole commercial

* i.e., Petrarch's poems.

spirit. No doubt gambling does bring a number of people to terrible grief; but, compared with the horrible results of the factory system, it is the merest pin-prick on the body politic. The foolish gambler is ruined; perhaps his family is ruined too; it is very sad and a great pity. But what is such an affair as this, what are dozens or hundreds of such affairs when weighed in the scale against the existence of those blots on humanity, Manchester and Sheffield, with ever-widening circles of ugliness, ruin, degradation, misery, and shame? A boil may be tiresome enough; but, really, a patient in the last stages of carcinoma would not be seriously affected by such a trifle. "Principal Rainy" is a note on the life of a very amiable man who rose to great distinction in a very unimportant Scotch sect; if one is interested in the points of variance between the "United Frees" and the "Wee Frees" it must make capital reading. If one is not so interested one is inevitably reminded of Dr. Johnson's dictum as to the comparative merits of Derrick and Smart. "The Silver Lining" contains this passage:

What is the second promise of the evangel? "I will give him a white stone." This phrase was running through my brain when I was away for my holiday recently, and in passing along a pebble-strewn beach I picked up a white pebble. I looked at it very intently and inquisitively—and spiritually, in the hope that it would communicate something to me of the significance of the Apostle's figure. It was wonderfully pure; it was intensely hard; it was exceedingly smooth. My Lord will give to me a "white stone." What is the significance of it? My interpretation was this: "I will endow thee with a character pure as a white stone that lies upon the beach, hard and tenacious as that stone, beautifully refined, with all obtrusive and painful angularities smoothed away. . . . Perfectly pure I will make thee—and hard!" Oh, not the hardness of insensitiveness, but the hardness of strength. Said one of my young fellows, speaking of another man, "His muscles are as hard as nails." That is the hardness we want in the spirit.

One has heard so much of the superiority of Protestant over Catholic oratory, that the passage quoted becomes quite interesting. "Christus Redivivus" is an oddly written book in praise of Christian optimism as opposed to Buddhist pessimism. On one page there are seventeen exclamation-marks in twenty lines. "Old Testament Miracles," meaning to be persuasive, does not attempt to give any philosophical rationale of the events which we commonly call miraculous. A "miracle" may be defined as an extraordinary event or act, of very rare occurrence, the causes of which we do not understand. We do not in the least understand how it is that the human will can annul for the moment the law of gravitation, in the act of lifting the arm; but this event is of such common occurrence that we do not call it miraculous. But of course all the talk about "interfering" with the "laws of nature" is beside the mark; the "miracle" is simply the lower law giving way to the higher, and taken by themselves miracles are of little evidential value. It is credibly stated that certain Hindu fakirs can actually perform feats which are strictly miraculous—a rope is thrown into the air and remains rigidly suspended in space, a boy climbs up the rope, rope and boy vanish, and in a few moments the boy is seen running towards the spectators from a little distance off. Now, this is a miraculous event—it is miraculous if it be an effect of the process very loosely called hypnotism—but it proves nothing as to the truth or falsehood of the fakir's religious belief, whatever it may be. Such actions as these may very well be of the world of the *psyche*, not of the *pneuma*; they show, of course, that the old-fashioned materialism of the 'seventies was nonsense, but they may not show much more. "What about the New Theology?" asks Mr. Walker. The proper answer is "nothing whatever." A serious literary critic does not sit down to demonstrate the fact that Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli are not good writers; a student of painting does not indite a book to show that the photographs in the *Daily Views* are unworthy of a place beside the masterpieces of Velasquez, and a theologian, conscious of strange and unruly appetites, of a desire to read a little heresy by way of a change, does

not go to the very ugly and barbarous building on or near the Holborn Viaduct. The Gnostics were as foolish and heretical as the "Templars," but there is a sort of picturesqueness about them—most of it due to the "delusion of antiquity" no doubt. Still, we cannot help feeling an interest in the sanitary appliances of prehistoric Crete, which we are unable even to simulate in the corresponding objects of modern Lambeth.

And all these six volumes (with one doubtful exception) are "good little books," a title which one hopes has been taken in the sense intended, as implying more or less of contempt. For they are all *mesquins*, petty, mean; dealing with little things, little people, little thoughts or (worse still) with great things in a little way. And moreover (it is really the same truth put in a rather different fashion), in none of these books is there any sign that the writer understands in the smallest degree the real object of the religion which he so fervently champions. The nearest approach, oddly enough, is in the book which comes so close to absurdity, the book of the exclamation marks; but "Christus Redivivus" approximates to the right standpoint as melodrama approximates to romance. For the rest, we must frankly say that they are nought. They are not worse than such books usually are, they are better perhaps than hundreds of sermons which were preached last Sunday and will be preached next Sunday; and we merely single them out as a text on which to denounce and reprobate the great genus to which they belong. It is time that this sort of thing should be put a stop to; that the *Ars Artium*, the Art of the Great Experiment, should be no longer degraded and made ridiculous in the eyes of all intelligent men by Mr. Feeble Goodygoodyman, with his passion for the obvious, the moralising moral, the everlasting commonplace. A tenth-rate drawing-master in a fifth-rate provincial town does not venture to discuss the first principles of the art which he fails to adorn; or if he does venture he only gets laughed at. But there seems a vague sort of notion abroad that anybody who writes about religion is entitled to some kind of respect, as if the Great Matter which he is rendering absurd threw an ægis of protection over him. If AB scribbles rubbish about football he will probably hear of it pretty soon, and be sharply corrected by people who know better; but the Reverend AB can ladle out twaddle about the Epistles or the Penitential Psalms amid reverential silence, if not applause. Again we say it must be put a stop to: the final mysteries of the universe are of much greater consequence than football, and require the very best treatment that the highest minds can afford. Actors have a phrase about X who "can't act for nuts, but is very good to his dog!" Well, assuming this to be the case, X is not very likely to get an important engagement at a leading London theatre; and *simili modo* the Reverend X must be restrained from his very absurd and incompetent performances in a far higher part. Let him go on being "good" by all means; but goodness does not necessarily imply the *charisma* of prophecy.

For one class of book it is to be feared that there is no remedy. Over England, Scotland, the United States, there are scattered at the present moment an enormous number of modern sects, some actively noxious, some silly, some harmless—more or less. Each has its own marks, though these may elude the casual observer; each oak-leaf on the tree is, it is said, to be distinguished from any and every other oak-leaf. So with the sects; there are doubtless distinctions, if one cares to observe them, between a Seventh Day Adventist and a Christadelphian; while a Plymouth Brother is again quite different from either. But there is one point common to all these varying sects, and that is that not one single one of the whole catalogue has, from any intellectual or spiritual standpoint, any existence at all. If two theologians were discussing some theological question and a third person said: "Oh, but the Baptists (or Independents, or Wesleyans, or Mormons, or Extotheenthians) think so and so

on that point"—well, the theologians would lift their eyebrows and continue their discussion, being perfectly well aware that what the Baptist says is not evidence—so far as theology is concerned. Sandemanianism doesn't count, doesn't exist in the field of religion, though an admirable analytical chemist may be a Sandemanian. But the worst of it is that in the nature of things the Sandemanian cannot be expected to recognise the nullity of his formulas, his theological non-existence, and so we have a book about Principal Rainy and the United Free Church of Scotland, which is really no more than saying "nought times one are nought, nought times two are nought, nought times a hundred and forty-four thousand are nought," and so on to infinity. And the result is the same when the Non-ens is refuted in place of being applauded; the book about the "New Theology" is merely "nought from nought leaves nought." It might be possible to get something funny out of these nullities—a sort of "Alice in Wonderland" book might, perhaps, be made out of those City Temple phantoms—but the worst of it is these books never are funny. And yet they will continue; there shall never fail apparently, a "Mémorial of the Reverend Alexander McCaw of Dunblather and Stillcrackie." It must, of course, be admitted that if Mr. McCaw, apart from his theological non-entity, had been a strong force in the political movements of his district, he might well be entitled to commemoration.

Then there is another and a deeper point. What does the popular (and unadmirable) hymn say? "He died to make us good," or some such phrase. This is the great and deadly error which is not far from pervading all western Christendom, which certainly pervades Anglo-Saxondom more or less completely. It is an absolutely false statement; the end of Christianity is not morality, nor anything remotely resembling morality. The error in question has always pervaded the quarrel called the Education question. The dissenting people have shown, or have tried to show, that boys who have not been taught the Apostles' Creed steal no more apples than the boys who are perfect in the Church Catechism: while the Church people have demonstrated, or think they have demonstrated, that where dogmatic theology is neglected men beat their wives madly and live and die for beer. Now this is a point, and an arguable one: but it is not the point, or at all events it should not be. We are not Christians in order that we may be good; we try to be good in order that we may be Christians: morality is one of the means by which we hope to attain the end; and the end is that perfect bliss which comes to the man who enters into the joyful law of conformity. Any man, be he Catholic bishop or be he schismatic preacher, who announces any other gospel but this and calls it Christianity, lies and knows he lies. Morality is no more the aim of Christianity than a knowledge of perspective and anatomy is the aim of painting, or a knowledge of grammar and spelling the aim of literature, or a knowledge of metre the end of poesy. He did *not* die to make us good; He died that He might restore a banished and wretched race to the pleasures and delights and beauties of the Lost Paradise: let him who preaches aught else be anathema. Hear the Divine Liturgy of St. James:

Thou who didst make man from the earth after thine image and likeness: and didst give him the delight of Paradise . . . and lastly didst send forth into the world Thine Only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, that He might come and renew and restore in us Thine image, κ.τ.λ.

Those who know these things know why the Law is spoken of in the New Testament as "beggarly elements:" the Law is what the alchemists call the gross work, the purging process by which the matter of the operation, that is the human spirit, is freed from its impurities and excesses of all sorts, that the final transmutation may be duly effected. The gold is for the chalice, made to be the splendid vessel of the Blessed Mysteries; who could be so foolish as to maintain that the final end of gold is the crushing machine and the furnace?

Yet, how widely is this extraordinary imbecility of mistaking the means for the end believed in. You may find it in the skulls of archdeacons and in the brains of poets. When Mr. Swinburne speaks of the pagan who swears that the Galilean shall not take away the laurel, the doves, and the pæan, or the breasts of the nymphs in the brake, he is manifestly labouring under this grave confusion, trusting in the Right Reverend Bishop Stiggins as an exponent of Christianity. The truth is that the veritable joys which are figured imperfectly by these symbols are to be attained in the Catholic Church and nowhere else; and the only object of the *askesis* is the attainment of the state of Paradise. One would think this no very difficult proposition; it does not seem very hard to understand that a man who wishes to relish the finer growths of the Medoc must abandon the practice of habitually getting drunk on Plymouth gin—in some cases, if his palate be naturally delicate and sensitive he may have to abstain from Plymouth gin for good and all. The truth is obscured, one supposes, by the preaching which teaches satiation by not-drinking-gin; which seems to have forgotten the very existence of the rare wine of the kingdom. *Calix meus inebrians quam praeclarus est*; says the Psalmist—and our false prophets exhibit to us a ginger-beer bottle, and assure us that it is the true Sangraal. And Mr. Jowett says that the mystic white stone of the Apocalypse symbolises—a good character, hard as nails.

A sort of amiable penitentiary is the end of things according to this wretched school; but the deacon in the Rite of Malabar sings:

Open to me the gates of righteousness, O Thou Merciful One, whose door is open to penitents, who dost invite sinners to draw near to Thee; open to us, my Lord, the Gate of Thy Loves, that we may enter in and sing praises to Thee day and night.

A QUARTIER LATIN MORALIST

Martial. One hundred and twenty selected Epigrams metrically rendered in English by A. E. STREET. (Spottiswoode, 2s.)

MARTIAL modestly says of his book that it contains:

Things good, things fairly good, but mostly bad.

His translator emulates this attitude of mind in describing the epigrams as metrically rendered. His verses are certainly more than merely metrical renderings, though they do not always attain the singular finish of the original. Martial's epigrams have attained that immortality which Pliny thought problematical. He writes of him (Ep. iii. 21):

I am sorry to hear that Martial is dead. He was a man of talent, observation, and spirit, with plenty of wit and gall and no less sincerity. I gave him a parting present when he left Rome—a tribute to the friendship between us as well as to some verses which he wrote in my praise. The practice of thus rewarding our eulogists has become obsolete like many other seemly and excellent customs. I suppose since we have ceased to do things worthy of praise we think panegyrics in bad taste. . . . Well, he gave me what he could, and would have given me more if he had had more to give. Yet what gift can be greater than immortality? His poems, you will say, are not destined for immortality. Perhaps not: but he wrote in the belief that they were.

This is not an enthusiastic forecast, but it is a fairly shrewd one. The poems of Martial owe their survival to the perfect polish to which he has rubbed up every point, to his power of minute observation, and still more to the fact that his epigrams afford a complete cinematograph of Roman life under the empire in all its aspects. Nowhere else do we find a picture of Roman society so strong, so spirited, so filthy, so mean; for nothing now is on a big scale in Rome except vice, and vice must always be mean. Martial has no strength of character, no independence of thought; his poems are full of the beggar's whine, and he got little but empty honours by all his

mendicancy and adulation. He grovels before Domitian for the graciousness with which he *refuses* his petition :

If this is the smile with which help is refused, Oh what must it be when he gives!

He despises his art. When he contemplates the wealth of a shoemaker of his time he cries :

My parents in their folly taught me letters.

He has no enthusiasms and no pretences. It is this which makes Mr. Street's task so difficult when he seeks to represent in his selection Martial as a "kind wise and self-respecting gentleman" not as "an unseemly jester." If Martial ever comes near an emotion, he seems ashamed of it, and, like Heine, puts beside it a piece of cold cynicism or (oftener) of foul indecency. A pretty poem (v. xxxvii.) to a slave-child Erotion who died in her sixth year is spoilt by the cynicism of the last half-dozen lines :

A maid than hoary swans more dulcet far,
Softer than fleeces from Galæus are,
Frailer than shells that in the Lucrine lie,
Who did the Erythraean stone outvie,
The Indian monster's tooth new burnished bright,
The untrodden snows, the lily's virgin white;
Whose hair outshone the wool of Bætic flocks,
The golden mouse, the flaxen Rhenish locks.
Whose breath came sweet as clustered roses smell,
The earliest stores of Attic honey cell,
Or, warm from handselling, the amber ball;
Compared with her the peacock's grace would pall,
Phoenix grow common, squirrel cease to charm:
Erotion, in her fresh grave still warm,
Called by the bitter law of fate away
Ere her sixth winter had lived out its day,
That late my plaything was, my joy, my dear.
Yet, spite of all, my Pætus bids me cheer,
And now with stricken breast and hair all rent
Cries shame on me who thus a slave lament.
He, Sirs, has lost a wife (yet keeps his health)
Notable, proud, highborn, and blessed with wealth.
Ah! Pætus, you're a man of grit, I trow,
To win the Fortune, and survive the blow.

The self-effacement in the last line is graceful in a poem (i. 117), in which he snubs a friend who was always trying to borrow his book, but would not buy it :

Whene'er we meet, good Sir, 'tis odds you say
Upon the instant, "Let me send, I pray,
And fetch your book of epigrams away,
Read them and send them back without delay."
"Why give your slave such trouble?" I reply,
"The 'Pear-tree,' as he'd find, is a far cry;
I live up three pair stairs, and, more, they're high;
Besides, the book is easy got, and nigh:
"You must be often near Booksellers' Row;
Facing the Julian Forum if you go,
A shop you'll find, its door-posts high and low
Plastered with titles of the books on show;
"There you must seek me; on the word, forthright,
Atræctus—so the bookshop's patron hight—
A book with pumice rubbed, in purple dight,
From one or other shelf will bring to light.
"So Martial 's yours, and for a paltry crown.
Too dear, Luperus? Well, you're right, I own."

M. ix. 81, he gives a brother-poet a gentle rap over the knuckles :

Reader and hearer praise my little books,
A brother-poet finds my verses rough.
Little I care! For me it is enough
To please my guests, and not my brother-cooks!

He has a genuine love of the country (xii. 31):

This grove, these springs, and woven shade of vine
Outspread, this channel which the meadows laves,
Roses, like Pæstum's, in the air benign
Twice-flowering, kail which frosty Janus braves,
Fish-stews where eels disport which once were shy,
White tower whose denizens are white no less;
Here after half a lifetime back come I,
All this, my wife's own kingdom, to possess;
Were 't mine to choose Alcinoüs' paradise,
No! No! I'd say, my own too well I prize.

In the following epigram (xi. 18) he rallies his friend Lupus, who had presented him with a very minute rural *pied-à-terre* :

A country-box you've given me, true!
Country? My window-boxes give
More country far! Why, man alive,
My Dian's grove 's a sprig of rue,
My shade a shrill cicala's wing,
An ant has straight consumed my all,
A rosebud leaf 's my coronal;
There can you no more see green thing
Than pepper fresh or fragrant herb;
There can no cucumber have play,
The snake must coil its tail away,

My vintage fills a well-pitched nut.
Lupus, you blundered in your zeal
By just one letter; if instead
Of this most microscopic mead
You'd given me a decent meal!

The epigram (iii. 63) to Cotilus (Windbag) on the *be'llus homo* eludes translation, especially in the two last verses :

Quid narras? Hoc est, hoc est homo, Cotile, bellus?
Res pertriosa est, Cotile, bellus homo.

Mr. Street hardly hits it off in

Heavens! Cotilus, but then—but then—the beau
Has nothing but futilities to show.

Perhaps this would be nearer: but some of our readers will easily beat it:

What! This a "precious" person! Some day, maybe,
You'll find your "precious" friend a precious gaby.

Res pertriosa comes very near "a nimminy-piminy (or "pernickety") fellow," but that is a very unmanageable phrase.

Many of Martial's characteristic expressions have their best analogues in modern slang, e.g., *alpha paenunatorum* (v. 26) "an AI swell," So *nidus* is "a pigeon-hole" (for documents), *nihil stropharum* is "no beating about the bush," *vesica* is "blather."

It is interesting to find that the ancient world had in Subidius its "Dr. Fell." Martial's epigram is certainly more concise and pointed than the modern version:

Non amo te, Subidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Mr. Street is very happy in the well-known epigram in which the poet sums up the ingredients of a happy life :

Martial, my best of friends, believe
Upon these terms 'tis good to live.
Wealth handed down, not bought by toil,
A genial hearth, a kindly soil;
Scant ceremonial, lawsuits none,
A mind at peace, a healthy tone
Of body, native strength withal,
Wise frankness, friends congenial,
Good company, a simple fare,
Of wine enough to banish care,
A bedfellow who 's fondly shy,
Sound sleep to make the night go by,
Divine contentment with your lot,
Death, not desired, but dreaded not.

A comparison with the original (x. 47) will show that the version is as faithful as it is spirited.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

MAN AND THE STREET

Essentials in Architecture. By JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A. (Batsford, 5s. net.)

EVERYBODY who wishes to be able to distinguish between a good building and a bad, to recognise at a glance the best and worst points of the houses he passes in the street, is under a debt of deep gratitude to Mr. Belcher. Many books have been written about architecture, most of them have been exceeding dull, and a few have been exceedingly erudite, but they have been of very little assistance to the man vaguely interested in architecture and wishing to know more. Either they have presupposed in the reader a knowledge of the subject to which only the professed architect has attained, or else they have treated architecture entirely from an antiquarian or historical standpoint. In either case they have not helped the

average citizen to form an intelligent judgment upon the buildings rapidly rising in his streets.

The uncommon value of Mr. Belcher's book is that it does fill this aching void in a thorough, masterly fashion, and of how many publications can so much be said? He does not deal with architecture historically or pedantically, but architecturally and artistically. It is astonishing how much information he has agreeably imparted in one hundred and sixty-six pages, many of which are occupied with illustrations, and his success, apart from his own knowledge of his profession, is due to his gift of lucid definition and clear arrangement of his facts in logical sequence. In a few words and these as simple and free from technical terms as possible, he has set before his readers the principles underlying all good architecture. These principles he asserts to be truth and beauty, truth in that good architecture never deceives the eye, beauty in that it gives it pleasure. As an illustration of truthful expression he instances "the stern and impressive features" of Old Newgate Prison. As an illustration of architectural falsehood he might have given its meaningless and gaudy usurper, or the travesty of Hampton Court which has recently been erected in Oxford Street. But no reader of Mr. Belcher's book will be in doubt as to the value of these buildings.

After giving illustrations of truth and beauty—the last he wisely does not attempt to define in the abstract—Mr. Belcher proceeds to analyse the qualities which unite to form these principles, namely strength, vitality, restraint, refinement, repose, grace, breadth, and scale—or "the proper relation of the several parts to one another and to the whole in point of size." Next he analyses the "factors" which go to the making of these qualities, proportion, light and shade, colour, solids and voids—that is to say, the arrangement of window and door spaces for decorative effect as well as for lighting and other purposes—balance and symmetry. Having thus exhausted the main theories of architecture, he adds a final chapter on the more practical question of materials, stone, wood, metals, brick, terra-cotta, cement, etc., showing how these materials react, for example, on the principle of truth and the quality of strength. "It is not sufficient that a building be strong and secure; it must present the appearance of strength and security." It might be feasible to build a house with a timber and brick basement, a stone first floor and a granite upper story, and this might be strong and safe. But the stronger materials being uppermost it would infallibly look topheavy, it would not give the impression of strength and security and consequently it would be bad architecture. Similarly with brick and cement we can counterfeit the appearance of a stone house, as builders are fond of doing; but it is not stone, and as it pretends to be something it is not, it offends against truth and therefore must be architecturally condemned.

Mr. Belcher illustrates his points and enforces his arguments with a wealth of well-selected photographs of buildings ancient and modern; and he is as ready to point out the merits of the latter as to denounce, when necessary, the faults of the former. Concerning the antique he sounds a much-needed warning note:

The right and proper admiration felt for noble examples has too often become an unreasoning idolatry for "styles" that flourished (and waned) centuries ago, and this in turn has degenerated into the ineptitude of admiring what is antique simply because it is antique without regard to its real merits or demerits. . . . Every building should have some message to deliver, some information to convey as to its purpose or any special circumstance of interest connected with its erection. The building should "speak" to us, as it were, in a living tongue.

When buildings are erected in imitation of old work, or are merely reproductions of certain so-called "styles" of architecture belonging to the past, they may be said to speak in a dead language, and lack the charm and interest which belong to living things.

In other words, they lack the quality of vitality and offend against the principle of truth. Uncompromising in his denunciation of vital defects, Mr. Belcher is as

broad-minded as he is sound in his judgments, and his book is remarkably free from whims, fads, and that irrelevant mass of "fuss and metaphysics" which Ruskin in later years detected in his "Seven Lamps." Readers of Ruskin will remember that the great man summarily dismisses all cast-iron work as bad and praises all wrought-iron work as good. Mr. Belcher with finer discrimination settles the difficulty in a few paragraphs, pointing out in a few incisive sentences the merits characteristic of and therefore proper to each, thus enabling the reader to form a just and unbiassed opinion as to the virtues or vices of both. Being popular in its appeal, the book does not pretend to be exhaustive, and the only complaint the reader can make is that Mr. Belcher closes his delightful volume all too soon. But he says enough amply to fulfil his promise, to point out "the principles and qualities to be looked for in buildings," and to provide "a true basis for the development of a refined taste," which will assuredly "prove very fruitful of results to all who care to pursue the study still further." For his part the present reviewer declares that after reading Mr. Belcher's book a stroll through the dullest street in Bayswater is an exhilarating and illuminating experience.

THE BYZANTINE ATMOSPHERE

The Age of Justinian and Theodora. Vol. ii. By WILLIAM GORDON HOLMES. (Bell, 10s. 6d.)

SINCE the first day of Constantine's great upheaval of the Roman spirit by the removal of the world's centre from Rome to Constantinople one influence has pervaded Byzantinism and all things Byzantine—even the style of modern historians. That influence is a gorgeous and lifeless ostentation, which found its most stupendous expression in the church of Saint Sofia, and its most exquisite modification in the mosaics of Ravenna and Venice. It is inevitable, it is invariable, it is Byzantine. Even Finlay did not escape it altogether, though his real and living part in the Neo-Hellenism modified greatly the rigidity of the Byzantine rule in his mind. The whole history of the Byzantine empire is like the cloth of gold of one of its emperors, stiffened into cumbrousness by its own magnificence, wearing out both itself and its possessor by its own weight.

There is something in the geographical situation of Byzantium which has always made for a mixture of magnificence and underground intrigue. From the days of Pausanias to the days of the Yildiz Kiosk there has been the same atmosphere, fatal to straightforward method, honest policy, and solid strength. The meeting of the ceremonious and unscrupulous East with the dogged West produced a breed in which treachery undermined even the determination of traitors—for treachery and greed were the two qualities possessed in common by Roman, Greek, and Asiatic.

As Byzantine art is characterised by a marvellous appreciation of colour and "pattern," and at the same time by a childish formalism of drawing, so the history of the Byzantine empire is a blend of formalism and extravagance. And the age of Justinian is precisely that in which these characteristics were most pronounced.

The most careful perusal of this second volume of Mr. Holmes's history will not afford much hold for adverse criticism on the score of incorrect statement of facts. Procopius, Agathias, and John Malala between them have placed most of the main facts of the period beyond serious dispute. Justinian himself has contributed to the literary *materia* of history-making, and the theological wranglings of the age have left their mark upon European religion. But the bare facts of Byzantine history are like the tesserae of a mosaic, in that they become merely an incomprehensible jumble unless arranged with absolute precision. All history is susceptible of misrepresentations through the sheer inability of historians to appreciate the

value of "pattern," and still more of dramatic unity. "Roman" history in all stages of its development was intensely human, perhaps never more so than in the days of the decline and gradual disintegration of the Empire. We have recently had occasion in these columns to notice a book in which Roman history became a living and moving reality, developed by the blind agency of real human beings. But the author of that book* had an immense advantage over Mr. Holmes in the atmosphere of the period of which he wrote. Mr. Holmes is no less imbued with the Byzantine atmosphere than is Signor Ferrero with that of the last days of the republic, but with this difference, that in the case of the writer whose work is now before us, the atmosphere is a stifling instead of an invigorating one.

The utterly unwieldy nature of the Eastern Empire in the sixth century has a good deal to do with the lack of cohesion which is apparent in the arrangement of this book. Mr. Holmes seems somewhat overweighted by his material, though it would be hard to indicate a better arrangement than that which he has adopted. Individually the chapters are admirable, and the footnotes carry the narrative into its remotest by-paths with a wealth of reference, though here and there we have noted a tendency towards an indulgence in the unnecessary note. The account of the building of Saint Sophia is admirable, that of the reconquest of Africa, and of the vicissitudes of Rome much less so. Mr. Holmes is happier in describing monuments than in depicting a sequence of events, a fact which must be attributed to an entirely unconscious sympathy with the age, which was one of episodes whose inter-relation is not superficially apparent. The only really effective piece of historical writing is the description of the Nika riots, which is quite alive.

The summaries of the Pragmatic Sanction and of the legislation of Justinian are good: any attempt to reduce to simplicity the complications of the C.J.C. is admissible, and ch. xv. (Peculiarities of Roman Law: The Legislation of Justinian) is more than usually successful, though somewhat encumbered by the introductory sketch of Roman law. The peculiar situation created by the spread of Christianity in respect of the marriage laws with which Justinian was called upon to deal, is well indicated.

Of "drum and trumpet" history there is much, but Mr. Holmes puts it in its proper place as subsidiary to the social history of the Byzantine empire. Perhaps he carries this principle a little too far in dismissing the invasion of Zobergan in about four pages of rapid summary. But on the whole the proportion is well preserved.

The character of Justinian renders inevitable a large personal element in the history of theology under his reign. An emperor who is also an active theologian is liable to make more history than he bargains for: and when the situation is complicated by the opposite influences of an Orthodox Emperor and a Monophysite Empress the interest is not likely to flag. The chequered career of Vigilius, caught in the whirligig of theology, the wheels within wheels which set Justinian to his task of tearing Origen to tatters—the counterstroke of Theodore against the Council of Chalcedon, and the resultant muddle—Judicatum and Three Chapters up and down like the ends of a see-saw—Pope and Patriarch excommunicating one another, and Justinian taking refuge first in force and last in an Oecumenical Council—all this is a delightful tale, of which the upshot is—"it's dogged as does it." Even if Justinian was a "dull ass," as Procopius would have us believe, he was an ass who had the trick of getting his own way.

There is only one thing about this History of Mr. Holmes's which we do not like—for we no longer note the violent prejudice against Christianity which marred the first volume of the work by the consequent introduction of much irrelevant matter. Mr. Holmes's English is frequently little short of absurd. We imagine that

Milton would be quoted in its defence, but then Milton's English is none the better for being half Latin, and Mr. Holmes's is all the worse for it. "Proclive to fanaticism" (p. 433) is a horrible phrase, but "the oppletion of the cemeteries" is worse: and when we find "protending the sacred volume," "the populace responded by injecting fire into the arena," "the Mandracium, the patency of which had been discovered," "the fosse had been levelled up to the ground by the ingestion of various materials," "eximious conduct," "a tristful mood," "the sedition was merely demulced for a time," and the like, we long for a little plain English, and a sentence like "his presence and acceptance of the dignity was (*sic*) demanded" has no terrors. Mr. Holmes can have no sense of humour, or the wearisome grotesqueness of such language would surely strike him, as would also the bad taste of a phrase like the following:

A small force stationed at Hierapolis was deserted by its commander, Buzes, who disappeared suddenly and forgot to leave his address.

We may be forgiven for drawing attention to this weakness in an otherwise able and scholarly volume, for by it we must account for the somewhat difficult reading it affords.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Modern Argentina. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Griffiths, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE republics of South America are generally conceived by the English mind as countries where political conspiracies form the sole interest in life, and where the refining influences of civilisation have as yet been unable to make headway. The glamour of romance thus thrown over half a continent which has derived so large a portion of its population from the Old World, has, indeed, been dissipated of late by a number of writers who have shown, from personal experience, what manner of folk the inhabitants of these republics are. But delusions die hard, and the popular imagination refuses to be corrected by the sober statements of a well-informed author. This resistance to enlightenment on the part of Englishmen in particular and Europeans in general, like the supposed resistance of the South Americans to the forces of civilisation, is bound, however, to break down and disappear by dint of time, and the book that has just been written by Mr. W. H. Koebel on Modern Argentina should hasten the process.

There are many good qualities in this book, the most prominent of which is the remarkably clear, vivid, and engaging style. Fulness of information is another of its notable features, so far as the subjects included are concerned, although, strange to say, there are certain aspects of national life and endeavour that seem to have been quite overlooked. The politician, the economist, and the sociologist, will find the volume of rare interest, inasmuch as it traces the recent and rapid growth in prosperity of a land which has a peculiarly composite population, and which, though it was colonised four hundred years ago, may still be rightly regarded as a new country. But those who are interested in the spiritual and intellectual manifestations of the people will find that their curiosity has not been gratified. Mr. Koebel has little or nothing to tell us of the religious and educational institutions of the country; and as for such signs of culture as are embodied in works of literature, they are not even hinted at. The conclusion to be drawn from this omission is hardly open to doubt, particularly as Mr. Koebel seems to have endeavoured to include within his narrative every phase of life and activity that came under his vigilant attention. The truth, then, seems to be—and it does not conflict with the romantic view already mentioned—that culture is still a rather negligible quantity in Argentina, and that the pursuit of fortune monopolises the national energy.

* G. Ferrero: "The Greatness and Decline of Rome."

The only reference to anything bearing upon intellectual activity is that concerning the Press. But the whole of the Argentine Press—national and foreign, daily and weekly—is disposed of within a single page. We have the assurance of Mr. Koebel, however, that these papers "are well edited, possess an excellent service of news, and the tone of the literary matter is of a high order."

The impartiality of our author is another quality that should serve to recommend his work. He endeavours to present a rather favourable impression of the wealthy Argentine, whose fortune is due not to any struggle of his own, but to "the continuous increase in the value of the land." At the same time he adds:

The Argentine is, perhaps, just a little addicted to the "slimness" which permits the employment of a trick to win where he would otherwise have lost. But, if he occasionally resort to such practices, it is from no love of meanness itself. He takes something of an ancient Greek pride in the cuteness of such performances.

The nation, which is still in the making, comprises the descendants of the "Conquistadores," and of the later Spanish immigrants who settled there during the Spanish occupation; the descendants of immigrants and other nationalities, chiefly Italians; the Gaucho-Argentines, descendants of Spaniards and others who have intermarried with Indians; natives of Patagonia and children of foreigners resident in the country. To such an extent does the foreign element predominate in the economic world, that it has been said that modern Argentina has floated to prosperity on English capital and Italian labour. According to Mr. Koebel there is little social intercourse between the English settlers and the Argentines in the towns, where a feeling of "cliqueism" seems to prevail, and the English do not readily fall in with local etiquette. There is, however, no commercial rivalry between the two peoples. The railways are almost entirely in the hands of the English, who also share with the Germans the control of the tramway system. But the charge is made that British manufacturers do not study the latest developments in their own market and they fail to make the best of their opportunities.

Although the population is of such a cosmopolitan character, the government is entirely in the hands of the Argentines. The age of revolutions seems to have passed, though

it is true that within the last twenty years there have been three serious internal struggles and a number of minor attempts to readjust power and the existing situation.

The people have now realised that revolutions are rather a costly business, in which the innocent suffer most, and hence a period of settled calm and rule has set in. The constitution is described as admirable, and "the majority of its laws" are said to be "well framed." But Mr. Koebel candidly adds:

Whether they are carried out to the letter or not is a matter which concerns the *personnel* of the officials. Broadly speaking, it may be said that these are administered in the larger centres far more impartially than in the less populated and more remote districts of the camp.

That honesty is the best policy seems to be a maxim that is being gradually recognised in the republic, and both political and commercial corruption is on the wane.

Mr. Koebel gives a vivid account of Buenos Ayres, which, with its one million souls, contains a fifth of the entire population of Argentina.

It is a town where electric tramcars speed swiftly, where news-vendors shout in hordes, and where the district messenger-boys move at much the same pace as elsewhere. Here are parks teeming with the victorias to hold the superbly-costumed Argentine women, and here are trains to bear the business man forwards and backwards of a morning and evening between the commercial quarters and his suburban residence. It is a city of theatres, of restaurants, of vacuum house-cleaners, of great railway termini, of strikes, of giant advertisements, and of blocks in the traffic.

The towns of La Plata—a veritable city of the dead—and Bahia Blanca, which contains the Republican arsenal,

are also fully described, and we have a very vivid account of the attractions of Mar del Plata, the only seaside resort. A great deal of space is devoted to the pastoral and agricultural pursuits of the "Camp" or country regions, upon which Argentina mainly depends for her existence; and we have some intimate glimpses of life among the "Estancieros" or gentlemen-farmers. The volume also contains notes on Uruguay and Chili, and is illustrated by a large number of photographs. It has an adequate index, but is distinctly the poorer for the lack of a map.

THE GOSPEL OF PRAGMATISM

Pragmatism. By WILLIAM JAMES. (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.)

WITH that intense avidity for seizing upon anything new in religion or philosophy which characterises the American people, it is not surprising, perhaps, that "pragmatism" should be very much in evidence just now on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the latest in the field, and the "cultured" Bostonian girl who is nothing if not up to date proudly professes herself a pragmatist at the present time. In the elegant language of the author of this volume the word "pragmatism" "at present spots the pages of the philosophic journals." Not that Professor James will admit for one instant the novelty of "pragmatism." It is only a new name for some old ways of thinking, a convenient term to apply to a number of tendencies that hitherto have lacked a collective name. Professor James, although not the inventor of the term, is self-confessedly the populariser of it. He hazards the guess that John Stuart Mill, to whom he dedicates his book and from whom he first learned the "pragmatic openness of mind," would have been a leader of the "pragmatic movement were he alive to-day." He claims as "pragmatists" Socrates, Aristotle, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. But these "forerunners of pragmatism used it in fragments; they were a prelude only. Not until in our time has it generalised itself, become conscious of a universal mission, pretended to a conquering destiny."

And what is the philosophy which has become "conscious of a universal mission?" It is the sort of philosophy we might expect from modern America. We will endeavour briefly to indicate it, using wherever possible the language of Professor James himself so that no injustice may be done to his meaning. Taking its derivation from *πράγμα* the term is harmless enough. It means merely "practicalism," the viewing of things from the standpoint of how they affect actual practice. The pragmatic method is primarily a method of settling metaphysical disputes that otherwise might be interminable. The whole function of philosophy, according to this view, ought to be to find out what definite difference it will make to you and me at definite instants of our life if this world-formula or that world-formula be the true one. Pragmatism, therefore, represents the empiricist attitude. It is the method of the man who turns away from abstraction towards concreteness and facts. But pragmatism is not only a mental attitude or method of regarding things. It has come to be used in a wider sense as meaning also a certain theory of truth. It adopts the "instrumental" view of truth taught so successfully at Chicago, the view that truth in our ideas means their power to "work," promulgated so brilliantly at Oxford. Ideas become true just in so far as they help us to get into satisfactory relation with other parts of our experience. True ideas are those that we can assimilate, validate, corroborate, and verify. False ideas are those that we cannot. "Truth is *made* just as health, wealth, and strength are made in the course of experience."

It will thus be obvious that if we are to follow [Professor James we are to deny that knowledge or truth exist apart from the consciousness of the human race. Truth is "*made*" as we go along, and the truth of yesterday is not the truth of to-day unless the present generation are convinced that it is true. Apparently a truth

dies on the death of the last surviving believer in it. This is, it seems, the logical alternative between monism and what Professor James calls "radical empiricism," between a "perfect and static universe" and a universe which "is still in the making and awaits part of its complexion from the future." But after carefully elaborating his doctrine of human experience Professor James seems to stultify himself by declaring:

I firmly disbelieve myself that our human experience is the highest form of experience extant in the universe. I believe rather that we stand in much the same relation to the whole of the universe as our canine and feline pets do to the whole of human life.

Such a statement coming at the end of the volume may indeed be considered amazing. It is all we are to expect from a philosophy which is yet "conscious of a universal mission."

Of the Absolute, Professor James will admit no more than that it is "that ideal vanishing-point towards which we imagine that all our temporary truths will one day converge." And yet he claims for pragmatism that

it widens the field of search for God. Rationalism sticks to logic and the empyrean. Empiricism sticks to the external senses. Pragmatism is willing to take anything, to follow either logic or the senses and to court the humblest and most personal experiences if they have any practical consequences. She will take a God who lives in the very dirt of private fact—if that should seem a likely place to find him.

There at least it seems to us Professor James strikes truth. Pragmatism will "take anything." Just as Theosophy and Christian Science—other American products—are a bewildering "hotch-potch" of other creeds and faiths so "Pragmatism" seems to us a more or less crude mixture of psychology and metaphysics. Most of what is true in it is to be found in Kant's idea of referring all our conceptions to the possibility of experience.

We should not be doing justice to Professor James's style did we not refer to the colloquialisms and American slang phrases which abound in the book. He divides philosophers into "tenderfoot Bostonians" and "Rocky Mountain toughs." He writes of a system being "out of whack with the universe" and speaks of a "stunt self-imposed by our intellect." Such terms and phrases may be appropriate and illuminating in Boston and Columbia, where Professor James delivered the lectures that make up the volume, but they are hardly well chosen for the exposition of a philosophy that is not intended solely for Americans, but which is conscious of "a universal mission."

ST. EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR

The Garland of Saint Edmund. Edited by Lord FRANCIS HERVEY. (Murray, 10s. 6d.)

THE highly successful pageant, which was recently displayed within the precincts of the famous Abbey of St. Edmunds, has happily drawn the attention of all East Anglia to the life and story of her great hero-saint. Lord Francis Hervey is to be congratulated on having put forth, after such a tasteful fashion and at such an opportune moment, a volume which he aptly terms "*Corolla Sancti Eadmundi*," or the *Garland of Saint Edmund, King and Martyr*. A preface of some sixty pages gives a clear summary of the time immediately preceding the reign of King Edmund, and of the various chronicles and early statements as to his life and martyrdom. Lord Francis also makes an able attempt, after a brief fashion, to construct from the various and often contradictory data, a true outline narrative of the reign and tragical end of Saint Edmund, expressing himself in happily chosen language. It is a pleasure to cite the following paragraph from the end of the preface:

With the accession of the more renowned Athelstan, the golden-haired son of Edward, commences for S. Edmund, throned as he is in the hearts of an enthusiastic people, a splendid afterglow of love and veneration, and, as it were, a new reign and a more exalted life. Athelstan offers gifts at the shrine; his brother Edmund, the martyr's

namesake, confers the whole town of Bedericsworth, to be renamed S. Edmund's Bury; Aelfgifu Emma, who receives as her bridal gift the soke of the eight hundreds and a half that encircle the Saint's resting-place, persuades her Lord, Cnut, to turn aside from the gain-saying of his miscreant father, Sweyn, and to deserve the protection, rather than to incur the wrath, of the still-reigning spiritual king of the land; Harthacnut enlarges the bounty of Cnut, and Edward the Confessor endows, with the wealth and power which had belonged to his mother, the monastery which has grown around the altar of S. Edmund. And at this point, when disaster, humiliation, defeat and death, have been changed and transfigured into triumph and fame, I close the story of our Martyr, Maid and King.

The *Garland* itself consists of extracts or reproductions from all the known early accounts of St. Edmund and his times, together with copies of charters said to have been witnessed by St. Edmund and of early English kings to the monastery that bore his name. There are also lists of English churches dedicated to St. Edmund, plates of the East Anglian coins of his days, and a variety of other particulars of a strictly pertinent character. The *Passion of St. Edmund* by the Abbo of Henry is accompanied by a vivid translation, and the same is done for the account given by Geoffrey of Wells and that of Roger of Wendover. The glossary that accompanies "*La Vie Saint Edmund Le Rey*" of the Cotton manuscripts is not quite so full or accurate as that given by the late Mr. Thomas Arnold in his "*Memorials of Saint Edmund's Abbey*"; and it would have been well, as no translation is supplied of this rhymed life, if the brief English marginal abstract which is given on Mr. Arnold's pages had been reproduced in this edition.

Lord Francis fittingly acknowledges the "unstinted permission" which he received from H.M.'s Stationery Office to make use of the three volumes that Mr. Arnold contributed to the *Rolls Series*. By far the greater of the records cited in this handsome and well illustrated volume have already appeared in Mr. Arnold's more elaborate and scholarly work; but we are all the same particularly indebted to the author for giving us all this material in an attractive and much cheaper form.

The preface, for the most part, shows considerable scholarship and wide reading, but there is something wanting in the second chapter which is entitled "What coins tell us of East Anglian history down to the reign of Edward the Elder." In dealing with the discoveries of hoards of buried coins, he might certainly with advantage have consulted and quoted from the first volume of *The British Numismatic Journal* (1904), where the subject is dealt with so ably by Mr. W. J. Andrew and others. Nor do we at all agree with him in the doubt he throws on the timber church of Greenstead, Essex, having given shelter to the body of St. Edmund.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Hambledon Men. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. (Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.)

BY his admirable selection of subject-matter and graceful introduction Mr. Lucas has succeeded in producing a cricket classic which must occupy a prominent position in the library of every enthusiast. "*The Hambledon Men*" is a collection of essays and reminiscences dealing with cricket, and includes among others John Nyren's two famous books together with Charles Cowden Clarke's introduction, three chapters and a preface by the editor, and two poems—one by Alfred Lang and the other by A. Cochrane. The result is a treasury of cricket lore, for never before has Nyren's alluring, if somewhat pompous, prose been set out to such advantage, whilst the amount of information Mr. Lucas has succeeded in unearthing about the men who played cricket over a hundred years ago is phenomenal. Of course, only enthusiasts will really appreciate this volume because the editor has confined himself to the period before over-arm bowling was

known and when tall hats were *de rigueur* on the playing-fields. Still it is so pleasantly and charmingly written that one might qualify this statement by adding that anybody who takes the book up will read it through. We know that Mr. Meredith has described a game of cricket, that Charles Dickens essayed the same task and was delightfully inaccurate, and that minor lights like Judge Brown and Anthony Trollope also dealt with the summer game, but for all their efforts Mr. Lucas's production clearly proves that, in the world of cricket lore at any rate, truth is more interesting than fiction. Reference must be made to the illustrations, for they are both delightful and quaint. The fact that Mr. Frowde is responsible for the printing and binding is a sufficient guarantee for the "make-up" of the volume.

Histoire de l'Art. Publiée sous la direction de M. ANDRÉ MICHEL, Conservateur aux Musées Nationaux, Professeur à l'École du Louvre. Tome deuxième: "Formation, expansion et évolution de l'Art Gothique." Seconde partie. (Paris: Armand Colin, 15 fr.)

THIS instalment of a "Histoire de l'Art," the joint work of eminent French art-specialists collaborating under the able editorial jurisdiction of M. André Michel, deals for the most part with fourteenth-century art. Sections of the present serial issue are devoted respectively to architecture, sculpture, painting, metal-work and enamels; general characteristics are clearly set forth and the nature of local variations comprehensively indicated in the separate chapters in each section which are concerned with the various countries in which Gothic influence predominated during the period under observation. It is evident throughout the whole book that the collaborators have one and all set a very high value on the limited space at their disposal; clearly their aim has been to give the largest amount of authentic and useful information in the fewest possible number of words, and the result is a history in which the essential features of fourteenth-century art are lucidly enumerated, whilst attention is drawn to numerous details and many well-selected examples are quoted and described. Moreover, although the style in which the book is written is simple and straightforward it is often interestingly suggestive, as, for instance, in the opening sentence of the chapter dealing with Gothic architecture in France:

L'architecture du XIV^e siècle marque la perfection du système gothique, la plus grande habileté des constructeurs et des sculpteurs, la plus grande légèreté des édifices, mais aussi un certain abus dans la recherche, quelque monotonie, peu d'imprévu, et des sécheresses de forme.

Then again there are many penetrating gleams of criticism which help to make the book something more than an orderly record of artistic achievements. For example, we have the following sympathetic appreciation of Giotto in his relation to his forerunners and his successors, his masters and his pupils:

Ce qui a émerveillé les contemporains de Giotto, c'est sa puissance créatrice et réaliste. Il ne répète point, comme les autres peintres, des histoires cent fois racontées, pour les enjoliver d'un trait nouveau. Il exprime, avec les gestes les plus simples, ce que la pieuse légende éveille dans l'esprit de ses lecteurs; il leur donne l'impression d'une chose vue. Cette simplification des gestes et des traits est le propre de l'art antique. Assurément Giotto ne pouvait guère encore le connaître, puisque son premier séjour en Ombrie est antérieur à son voyage à Rome; mais il le devine au travers des imitations des grands sculpteurs de Pise, et surtout il en a reçu la tradition des maîtres peintres et mosaïstes venus de la ville des papes. Ils lui ont appris la sobriété et l'équilibre des compositions; il y ajoute, lui, le sens de la vie et l'interprétation sincère de tous les sentiments humains.

The book is enriched with an unusually large number of illustrations of famous buildings, architectural details, monuments, statues, frescoes, reliquaries, altars, shrines and sacred vessels. It would be impossible to bestow too much praise on these illustrations which are, in every case, most beautifully reproduced.

When complete, this "Histoire de l'Art" should be a valuable addition to the standard histories of art.

A History of Ritualism. By VOX CLAMANTIS. (Open Road Publishing Co.)

EFFRONTERY and ignorance are the characteristics of this book. Written avowedly "from the standpoint of a Protestant member of the Church of England" it is a tissue of fabrications and misrepresentations coloured by abuse. It will do as little harm to the cause it attacks as it will do little good to the party it champions. The writer holds up for admiration the Rev. R. C. Fillingham and the late Mr. John Kensit—that vendor of pornographic literature whom *Truth* so ably exposed. He also has words of praise for one other—the late Bishop Jackson—whom he contrasts with the bishop of to-day in the following elegant extract:

In the twentieth century his episcopacy would have been impossible in the Church of England—no one would have dared to make him a Bishop. For he had principles and a sense of duty. He believed that a man should be above prevarication or lying, and should keep any solemn promise which he had deliberately made to God. . . . He felt . . . as a moral man that he must do so. *A man with such a character would be regarded as an impossible person to receive preferment in the present day.*

Surely this is the swan-song of a dying cause!

War and the World's Life. By Colonel F. N. MAUDE, C.B. (Smith, Elder, 12s. 6d. net.)

JUST at the moment when the Conference at the Hague is deliberating how to eliminate war from among the necessary facts of life, and when Mr. Haldane has explained his scheme for the better protection of the country by the abolition of the Volunteers and the establishment of the territorial army, Colonel Maude, most opportunely publishes this book in which he sets out to show the necessity—even the desirability, from some aspects—of war for the well-being of a nation, and for England the unique advantage of the Volunteer system as at present constituted. Naturally enough, as a Volunteer officer, Colonel Maude is apt to rate the Volunteer, and especially his own branch, the Engineer, very highly; but it is to be feared—or hoped, according to the point of view—that his somewhat ardent militarism will never be accepted by the national spirit, even if a scheme on his lines were ever to be put forward in Parliament by a Government that had the courage of its convictions—in itself an extremely doubtful hypothesis. Apart, however, from the chance or danger of Colonel Maude's ideas ever attaining the fringe of practical politics his book is extremely interesting, and though much of it is too technical for easy comprehension by the ordinary layman, and though many of his statements are a little difficult to accept, much may be learnt from it, both as regards the actual game of war and as regards our own resources and system both for defence and attack.

In one of his Saturday articles in the *Daily News* some time ago Mr. G. K. Chesterton maintained with his usual categorical dogmatism, that only when men fought did they achieve any advancement. His "Napoleon of Notting Hill" preached the same "heretical" gospel. Colonel Maude does not go quite so far, perhaps, as this, but he is firmly convinced of the necessity of a nation's readiness for the ever present possibility of war. He regards it as the fever cleansing the body politic of impurities. "War throughout has been the master force welding together clans, tribes, and communities." Also he holds that to war are due the noblest sentiments of our nature—duty and self-sacrifice. In fact he would apply to the world at large Bishop Blougram's description of the individual man:

When the fight begins within the man
The man's worth something.

The "blessings of Peace" are for him over-shadowed by its selfish and corroding influences. It is not to be expected that Colonel Maude's defence of war will be accepted by the generality of people nowadays, but practical men will surely admit the necessity of adapting their lives—whether individual or national—to existing

circumstances. They may deplore the existing circumstances as much as they will but until they can succeed in improving them it is useless to attempt to live as if they were improved.

Colonel Maude throughout this book makes no secret of his admiration for the German system, or of his apprehension of the German aims as regards this country; and though in his "war game" in Yorkshire at the end of the book the invader does not have such an easy "walk-over" as he expected, the discovery of cartridges in east-coast ports, the existence of German reservists as clerks, etc., in our big towns, and other facts of a similar nature, coupled with the undisguised contempt for our arms which he has met with among German officers have so evidently convinced him of Germany's hostile intentions towards us that he becomes at times quite a Cassandra in his gloomy forebodings. The main consolation which he proposes is based (as indeed is his whole book) on the *Psychologie des Foules*. It is to the national spirit that he trusts,—trained continuously but in a sense voluntarily. While the Regular Army should form the nucleus of the great defending force, the Volunteers would supply the necessary numbers, and by their training be able to act together quite adequately. But with a Volunteer force, starved as it has been for the last ten years, he sees but small hope for the country, and Mr. Haldane's scheme, which will destroy the Volunteer altogether (as he admits in a footnote), is even worse than the existing conditions for defence.

The World Peril of 1910. By GEORGE GRIFFITH. (White, 6s.)

OF the making of many books forecasting a European Armageddon in the near future there would appear to be no end. Mr. Griffith is the latest writer to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Le Queux and others whose gloomy forebodings have stirred the readers of halfpenny newspapers and even prompted questions in Parliament. But Mr. Griffith goes one better than his predecessors. Not content with prophesying trouble for England owing to the jealousy of the rest of Europe—Italy only excepted—he also imagines quite an extraneous "peril" in the shape of an angry and invading comet. Mr. Griffith's imagination, in fact, scorns all bounds, and for this, if for nothing else, "*The World Peril of 1910*" is quite readable. He eschews military and tactical detail, and rushes along from one battle to another with a speed that leaves the reader breathless, but is quite irresistible. To help him in his work he calls up, if not "spirits from the vasty deep", at least most marvellous submarines, which ram and sink with extraordinary rapidity whole armadas of the foreigner, "Flying Fishes"—a mixture of submarine and airships—which retaliate and destroy Portsmouth and Dover; and a navy of superior airships which obliterate the "Flying Fishes." Finally, for the destruction of the comet, he manufactures a large gun, which blows the otherwise irresistible invader into proverbial smithereens.

It would, perhaps, be unkind to treat Mr. Griffith seriously; it is certainly impossible to criticise his work in detail. One point of criticism, however, must be made. He introduces living personages, both royal and famous in contemporary history, as characters in his story. This is a method of modern fiction which appears to us to be in every way undesirable. The only purpose that it can serve is to bring the story closer to the plane of reality, and in the present case that purpose is not achieved, for Mr. Griffith soars so high above commonplace fact as his own airships do above the earth, and nothing short of a miracle could restrain him, or bring his story into the bounds of probability.

None the less it must be admitted that Mr. Griffith has the knack of compelling interest, and when once we had started to read the "*World Peril*," we could not leave it until we had finished it.

A FRENCH COLONIAL POET

IN French literature more perhaps than in any other the colonial spirit is rare. For, though the French colonies have produced several eminent poets (among others Leconte de Lisle and de Heredia from the West Indies, and Richépin from Algiers), in each case these writers were early attracted to the French capital, were caught up in its centralising vortex, and became singers of Paris, Parisians by adoption and absorption, deaf to the call of their colonial blood. In England the situation is very dissimilar. Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, endeavoured in one of his essays to introduce into the English vocabulary of criticism, the words "urbane" and "provincial," as distinguishing certain kinds of style of the first and the second class respectively. He borrowed these expressions from Sainte-Beuve, and the failure of his attempt to secure English naturalisation for them was due, without doubt, to the vast differences which distinguish French from English life, differences to which he had not attributed sufficient importance. In France, notwithstanding the half-hearted pretensions of a few vain provincials, of whom the noisiest, and therefore the most notable is M. Maurice Barrès, to exalt the provincial spirit, and one or two attempts which have left very little trace behind them, to establish literary centres in some of the chief provincial towns, particularly Rouen and Nancy, all literary and artistic and intellectual life centres about and within the capital. Paris gives the tone to the whole of France in the matter of thought and the expression of it; of words and their form. Paris is a centre of centres with a centre within itself. London, on the other hand, is an agglomeration of suburbs around a desert of counting-houses. The word "urbane" has consequently no meaning, or next to none, as applied to literature produced in England, and it follows that "provincial" has none either. Poetry written in dialect might perhaps have some claim to be called provincial, but in another sense altogether than that which Matthew Arnold had in mind, for between patois and provincialism there is no relationship at all. But though the accusation of provincialism cannot stand against English literature, even in its worst phases, simply because we have no provinces, let us not forget that we have colonies. To the urbane, and the provincial manner, there may be added the colonial manner. So far as the Anglo-Saxon world is concerned, the colonial manner, whether manifested socially at vice-regal receptions, or in connection with literature, whether in manners and dress, or the form given to words, is more odious than any provincialism, however gross. To colonialism is due all that refined Americans most heartily detest in the literature and the institutions of their own country. We owe to it all that is least admirable in Kipling, and other writers of the same kidney, who without being in the strict sense colonials, have suffered the shadow of Anglo-Saxon colonialism to fall upon their style. It is a bugbear without mercy.

But just as the French have a spirit of provincialism which is distinct from any British failing, so too there is nothing in France, or her colonies, which in any way resembles our colonialism. The French Canadians speak the French of Louis Quinze with a Norman accent. They are simply old-fashioned folk, whose unpretentiousness saves them from vulgarity. They have no literature, which does not mean that they have no poetry. The only French colony which has a certain colonialism of its own is Algeria: but how different is that colonialism from ours! The little volume of poems before us by M. André Valvins, to which he has given the picturesque title of "*Bazar*," is one of the first successful efforts of the French colonial spirit to express itself in poetical form. The embodiment is without Imperialism, unstained by rhetoric nor disfigured by slang, eminently distin-

guished, a little chlorotic as becomes its sub-tropical home, African in the vastness of its melancholy, Arab in its sensuousness and indolence, Arab also in a certain independence of form verging upon anarchy. And for the rest French of the Midi, of the Midi which gave to Paris, and Paris to France, Théophile Gautier and Lamartine. But let M. André Valvins speak for himself. Here is a portrait in which French colonialism, and that of Algiers in particular, is exquisitely touched off. It is the colonialism of the rising generation, with a dandyism only differing from that of Paris by its Oriental effulgence :

MONDANITÉ

Mon air de fin pastel jaune et rose au couchant,
Mes habits de flanelle à la lune effacée
Qui en bonbon fondant, en cœur de fiancée,
Voudrait finir parmi le parfum très touchant

Qu'ont les faveurs de mon portefeuille en peau grise ;
Mes chaussettes aux tons divers et amatis
Dont on ferait d'exquis maillots pour travestis,
Ma cravate de Bohême qui brutalise

Mon fade vaporeux d'enfant doux à ravir
En quelque automobile élégante et vitrée
Où des vierges du nord en robes de soirée
Terniraient des miroirs, de poudre et de soupirs,

Et ce brillant qui luit à mon petit doigt rose,
En évoquant des fêtes nocturnes sur l'eau,
Tout cela n'est-il pas, moderne jouvenceau,
La mosaïque en fleurs de ton apothéose ?

The following apostrophe to that essentially colonial fruit the aubergine suggests Baudelaire by its penetrating power of observation, and brilliant colouring, but a youthful Baudelaire saved from misanthropy by humour :

AUBERGINE

Renfle-toi comme un son d'orgue de cathédrale,
Aubergine, belle à parachever des crosses !
Quoique clownesque un peu, le chauve de ta bosse
De mysticisme a la splendeur épiscopale.

Oh ! dors sur ton grabat de feuilles de salade,
Recroquevillée en ta gaine violette
Où je les sens s'unir tes jambes de squelette,
Se fondre, hydrocéphale au corps maigre et malade

Mais ton épiscopat, qui l'honore, aubergine,
Si ce n'est le soleil en dorant ta soutane,
Pauvre martyr chrétien, incompris du profane
Qui te bouscule aux souks et te scalpe aux cuisines ?

Like Baudelaire, André Valvins knows that the respective domains of prose and poetry are absolutely distinct from one another (by no means so generally accepted an idea as one might think), that the art of poetry is the utterance of the ineffable, the art of suggesting by help of all the various means which are not at the disposition of the prose writer, rhythm of many particular kinds, rhyme, assonance and dissonance of syllables and ideas, echoes of all sorts, that which can never be wholly and at most only spiritually said. Then if the poem has wings you may leave it to fly. In this sense, which is probably the only true one, André Valvins reveals himself to be a poet "de race," the most interesting of the purely colonial poets that France has produced so far, and though colonial, in all honourable respects "urbane."

R. S.

THE CULT OF GAELIC

A REJOINDER

THE writer of the article, "The Cult of Gaelic," does not say many very original things. But he repeats old statements so vehemently, that a counter-blast can do no harm, and may possibly help to keep the judicial balance even. Needless to say, the numerous students of Anglo-Saxon mental characteristics, now so plentiful in Ireland, are already only too familiar with the type of

mind that evolves such ideas, and are a little weary of annihilating the progeny of inaccuracies and fallacies which it so perpetually breeds. Constant massacre grows gruesome. But it is apparently still a necessity.

To begin, he asks, Who is it has robbed the Irish children, brought up in ignorance of their native language, of their birthright ? And he answers it himself with another question. "Has it been perfidious Albion or has it been economic necessity ?"

Does he not know that the modern enlightened Irishman, through the teaching of the Gaelic league, takes upon himself his full share of the responsibility, through his own weakness, for allowing the English tongue to supplant the native language ? He does not rant about "birthright" or "economic necessity." He simply says, with a direct brutality of utterance (possibly learned from his Anglo-Saxon neighbours), We were fools to let it go, and we must recover it at all costs. There is not even a hint in the extract from the Feis programme quoted by A. J. S. that the fact of Irish children being brought up as aliens in their own country is due to "perfidious Albion."

This shows how deeply tainted your contributor's mind is with abandoned prejudices. Or perhaps he is striving to reawaken the smouldering fires of old animosities, that have almost completely flickered out in modern Gaelic League Ireland. If so, God forgive him. To any one who knows even the barest smattering of history the whole state and condition of present-day Ireland is luminously explained by the fact A. J. S. jeers at—namely, that Irish children are, even under the guidance of their own parents, their religious, educational, and political directors, brought up as aliens in their own country. It has been the only successful method England has discovered to keep the turbulent Celt perpetually subservient to the desires of the predominant partner. I would have a great respect for the astute and far-seeing statesmanship of the English if I could believe that they deliberately and consciously adopted this policy. The truth is that in a lucky moment they stumbled upon it and found it worked fairly well, and with the well-known bull-dog tenacity of their race they have stuck to it, might and main, ever since.

But, at the same time, I do not think that even A. J. S.'s apparently limited capacity for connecting recognised facts with their correct causes can enable him to deny the English any responsibility for making Ireland an English-speaking territory. A child, in any country, brought up without a knowledge of the language of his native land, is—if only to a certain extent, at any rate—robbed of his birthright. And there is no gainsaying the fact that the country that, by means of a continuous centuries-long stream of invasion of military and commercial adventurers, has brought about this change of language is mainly responsible for the deed. But the chief point is that the modern Gaelic League Irishman has altogether abandoned the cry of "perfidious Albion," and it is a deliberate piece of invention on the part of A. J. S. to read the meaning into the words quoted from the programme of the Wexford Feis.

I know, of course, A. J. S.'s answer. I hear him shriek "economic necessity." Prithee be silent, child. Economic necessity always floats on the turn of the tide. Wherever the incoming power, is there also is economic necessity. And the mind of the Gaelic League is, that in the future, please God, the economic necessity will rest with them.

One would have thought that by this time the doctrine of "salvation from England" was abandoned. It has been killed so often that even the most ardent champion must feel a little weary in despatching once again such a hoary and effete foe. Is the time for the working out of this salvation always postulated as illimitable, dear A. J. S. ? If not, why has it not been accomplished inside seven hundred years since the cheery English first took it in hand ? And where, O where in the wide world, sapient A. J. S., is there a country whose language "cuts

it off from every nation under the sun?" If this has never happened before, why do you think it would happen with Ireland if she became a Gaelic-speaking country? We have always given you and your countrymen the credit for a certain practicability of mind. Forgive me if I say you do not quite live up to your reputation in this instance.

But after all literature is the subject that most concerns the ACADEMY, and to this phase of the question A. J. S. has given scanty attention—so scanty, indeed, that one is led to infer that he is trying rather to shirk the point. I will grant that A. J. S. knows all of the "few old legends of Cuchulain and others" to which he refers so contemptuously, and that knowing them in the original he is capable of speaking authoritatively regarding their literary qualities. For surely A. J. S. would never dream of writing in the ACADEMY respecting the literary merits of works which he was only able to read in translations? I will not however grant that their claim "to be called literature may be dismissed as ridiculous." But I will pass by the point for the moment, and confine myself to asking A. J. S. why he omitted any reference to the notable contribution made by modern Irishmen to modern English literature, whose work has been so very largely based upon and influenced by the study of Gaelic. Ever since the days of the poet Jeremiah Joseph Callanan (1795–1829) this distillation of the essential spirit of Celticism and its infusion into the organism of English literature has been going on slowly but steadily. And now when the work of the last great poet of the Victorian era is over, and the souls of the majority of English people are deeply sunk in the slough of commercialism, and the love of literature has died out in their midst, is the fact (the revival of literary Gaelicism) that has enabled English literature to maintain its prestige in Europe and America, to be subjected to the contumely and scorn of paltry souls like A. J. S.? Gratitude alone would countenance forbearance. The study of Gaelic and its literature gave Mangan and Ferguson their distinctive characteristics—characteristics sufficiently great to enable them to maintain their place worthily in the ranks of English poets. And the work of these two men saved from the roll of minor English poets, their lineal literary successor W. B. Yeats, and gave the possibilities of life and vitality to the host of younger Irish poets, who are to-day building up a literature in the English tongue destined to be the glory and solace of a hopelessly commercial age.

THOMAS KEOHLER.

MANNER AND MANNERISM

ONE of the deficiencies of ordinary criticism is its summary classification of creative artists as masters and non-masters. The pedestrian critic is always glad if, before putting pen to paper, he can make up his mind whether he shall treat his poet, or painter, or composer as a "big" man or not: certainty on this point saves a world of trouble, and lends to his dicta an air of assurance that goes far to win acceptance for them. But the effect of this *parti pris* on the reader is incalculably mischievous. Following the lead of his critic, he falls into a habit of division that becomes a formidable hindrance to the appreciation of the good things of art. In the House Beautiful there are many mansions; and people who proclaim that there are only two ought never to be trusted as guides.

The result of this arbitrary dualism is clearly seen in the common use of the words "manner" and "mannerism." It is treasonable, it would seem, to mention the mannerisms of a "master": his manner may be appraised, but his mannerisms, if he has any, are to be judiciously overlooked—as the warts on a patron's face are left out by the polite painter. On the other hand, the artist who,

ex hypothesi, is not a master is seldom credited with any grace so distinctive as a manner. In reality, the relation of manner to mannerism is a subject of very engaging attractions, and deserves to be explored with all the thoroughness (if less than the casuistry) of Lessing's "Laokoon."

Before attempting to formulate distinctions, two or three turns of expression which there will be general agreement in designating as mannerisms may be instanced. That Browning could dispense with "o' the" and its like when he so willed, "Abt Vogler" and "In a Balcony" (to choose at random) conclusively show; but our ears are sometimes worried by such elisions when the context demands a graver step. Brahms's cross rhythms and his ascending melodic phrase formed by the notes C, A, C or their equivalents may give us pleasure or pain; in either case they must be accounted mannerisms. This comment applies equally to Pater's "Well!", to Maeterlinck's "Je ne sais quel . . ." and to Henry James's overdriving of such a phrase as "There we are!" in "The Ambassadors." Mere frequency of use, of course, is no criterion of a mannerism. The closing of a blank-verse scene with an heroic couplet by any of the Elizabethans is nothing but a convention; nor does the use of an Alberti bass constitute Brown of Balham, the composer of the latest drawing-room nocturne, a mannerist. Mannerism, then, has not necessarily any relation to convention or to current usage: in most of the instances just cited it will be seen, on the contrary, to be definitely personal, peculiar to the artist who has used it. It is sometimes contended that in such cases as those of Browning and Brahms a defective ear was the chief, if not the sole cause of the idiom, and that, in fact, a perfect ear is, in the nature of things, rare; but along this by-path of speculation we must not venture now.

For our present purpose, three separable orders of expression may be distinguished. Where self-expression free from self-consciousness is achieved, there is manner: where self-expression betrays self-consciousness, there is mannered style: where self-consciousness is apparent without self-expression, there is mannerism. The last clause of this definition may conveniently be considered first. Browning's employment of "o' the" is so indiscriminate as to deprive it, for the most part, not only of all æsthetic value but, in addition, of the secondary interest of being characteristic of Browning. Similarly, the "Je ne sais quel . . ." of Maeterlinck is used on such slight pretexts as to become, at last, a meaningless formula, a forceless flourish that, retrospectively, loses the tentative charm it once had for us. Of the same nature are many of the famous catalogues of Whitman, "produced" beyond the point to which any poet, however naïf, could "keep it up." Such artifices lack even the justification of a momentary caprice, which can often be at once intensely individual and æsthetically right. A case in point is furnished, in the second movement of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, by a passage in which the first violins and the 'celli, interrupting the stately unfolding of ideas, deliberately bandy for some bars an unimportant figure. The effect of this delicate flicker of levity is indescribably charming and typically "Beethovenish." But the best that one can ever say of a mannerism is that it happens to please one. It is essentially a device in the use of which A is not distinguishable from B, C or D.

Separable to the understanding though it may be, mannerism is always found closely united with manner or mannered style, issuing from either like a parasitic growth from its host. It is the besetting vice of the mannered stylist, whose excessive self-consciousness beguiles him into seeking to impose a personal significance on phrases over which he has no right of appropriation. Mannered style is, and probably will always be, the delight of the superficially instructed, who find a rudimentary pleasure in being able to distinguish Caine from Davidson. Its exponents may be divided into three sub-orders. There

are mannerists who are intent on finding their way to complete self-expression; for them there is hope. There are others who, having said almost all that they have to say, are copying their own models; for them there is little hope. There are yet others who have never had anything to say, nor ever will; for them there is none. But let the mannerist receive his due. Sometimes—and rarely—he can rise to the self-forgetfulness to which an unmixed manner is possible. Carlyle, by habit a wilful and perverse mannerist, acquires at times, as in the passage in "Sartor Resartus" on Space and Time, a manner sufficiently dignified and almost noble. And Liszt, the most self-conscious of modern composers, has here and there in his *Symphonische Dichtungen* wrought out passages to which the memory returns with delight.

To say anything by way of systematic classification of the masters of manner is unnecessary—and it would be almost impertinent. It is of the essence of perdurable art that it defies analysis; and however curiously the structure of a flawless gem may be studied, there is always a point at which inquiry becomes futile. Lamb's deliberate and systematic use of archaism would, on the basis of the definition I have been advancing, seem to declare him a mannerist; and it would be but a lame *meiosis* to suggest, in "explanation," that he refined his method into a manner. The secret of his magic is his own; and of such secrets the fabric of priceless things is woven.

HOWARD BAYLES.

FICTION

Emancipation. By ARTHUR BECKETT. (Sisleys, 6s.)

THE puff preliminary to this volume, repeated at length upon the paper cover that protects its binding, describes it as a "powerful novel" which "deals in a masterly way" with "the position of the unmarried woman with regard to marriage," and ends, ingenuously enough, by pronouncing it "a book that is bound to influence opinion and evoke discussion." Reading this, one is naturally prepared for a class of fiction that has of late become only too familiar—a displeasing subject treated with the painstaking nastiness of the "unconventional" writer. It must be said, however, that this foreboding is to a certain extent unjustified, for though "Emancipation" may provoke comment, it will scarcely be on account of its very mild lack of decorum. The story is concerned with the efforts of one Charity Woodhams, a damsel of noble but impoverished birth, towards the estate of matrimony. To Mr. Beckett's heroine (as doubtless to many in actual life), "getting" married represents the controlling object of existence. Her adventures in pursuit of this honourable ambition are various and dull. As a shop-girl in Brighton, she has the good fortune to rescue George Graham, son of a rich banker in that town, from drowning. The episode is not badly told, though the absence of University costume in the case of George is dwelt upon with quite needless "unconventionality." Thereafter follows an engagement, but furious at being required to await the paternal Graham's consent to his son's marriage, Charity renounces George, and promptly betroths herself to Euan Strachan, who, described as a poet, is certainly the most platitudinous example of that species it has been our ill-fortune to encounter. Here, again, however, she is foiled by the inopportune reappearance of a previous wife, but on Strachan's representing to Charity that he cannot live without her (or words to that effect), she eventually agrees to confront with him what the poet felicitously calls "the influences that shape the Puritan spirit of our times." More unconventionality! With Strachan she accordingly enjoys a life of bigamous bliss, till the limitations of poesy as a source of income become so increasingly obvious that a natural desire for improvement in this respect tempts her from

Euan and (unconventional) virtue to vice, as represented by George and a reliable cook. Subsequently, however, on Euan falling ill with small-pox, she returns penitent, and is preparing to begin all over again when an attack of the same disease puts a merciful period to her uncertainties, and she dies in a wholly undeserved atmosphere of heroism. We have dwelt thus flippantly with Mr. Beckett's story, tempted perhaps by the solemnity of his own telling of it. His style is indeed the worst feature of a book which, more simply written, might have been at least interesting. As it is, it has appeared to us throughout to be destitute of the slightest trace either of humour or distinction, while it is further spoilt by a pretentious mannerism, which, designed apparently to be "literary," only succeeds in being always affected and frequently unintelligible. Strong as is our desire to welcome serious and considered work by a new writer, we feel bound to warn Mr. Beckett that to be received with the respect that he demands, he must greatly improve upon the vulgarity of treatment that characterises "Emancipation."

The Narrow Margin. By ANNIE THOMPSON. (Sisleys, 6s.)

"THE NARROW MARGIN," another novel by an author whose name is unfamiliar to us, displays just that touch of real individuality which is absent from "Emancipation." The story is trivial, but Miss Thompson writes with sincerity, coupled with a certain not unkindly cynicism, which lends distinction to a commonplace tale. All her characters are well drawn, notably that of Fanny, the apostle of Ruskin-extracts and cheap culture, who is convincing as a study from actual life. At a guess we should say that Miss Thompson is either a native of Australia, or at least thoroughly at home in the colony; it is an obvious relief to her to get the persons of her tale away from London to scenes which she is able to describe with the detail of familiarity. "The Narrow Margin," without being in any sense an epoch-making production, is one which will deserve success, and create for the writer many friends who will anticipate her next book with interest.

Richard the Brazen. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and EDWARD PEPLE. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS book gives much the same feeling of solid satisfaction as an Adelphi melodrama. There is the same whole-hearted "thoroughness" in the treatment of the tale. The heroine is really a "beautiful, high-spirited girl" all through the book; the cow-boy hero is the real cow-boy of romance. He wears a sombrero, uses all the cow-boy expressions, and subdues an untamable horse in the usual approved fashion by the "leaping to the saddle without touching the stirrups." The portrait of the English peer is even more satisfactory. He wears a monocle and says "Aw, don't cher know" most convincingly. We cannot help feeling, however, that the authors have relied a little too much on the "Er, awe—" system. It is not so convincing to be confronted with the "British Ambassador at Washington" and to find that his conversation consists entirely of the frequent repetition of the phrase, "Extrawd'n'ry, most extrawd'n'ry! 'Pon my word!" We have a suspicion that the tale, like the Adelphi melodrama, was written for the gallery, and an American gallery into the bargain, and we can almost hear the roar of appreciation which greets the hero's answer when asked if he is an Englishman: "No thank God! An American, and proud of it!"

The Prophet. By FREDERICK WALDERICK. (Lawrence & Jellicoe, 6s.)

MR. WALDERICK has hit upon a curious and original plot for his story, and it is to be deplored that he has shown himself unable to do it better justice. "The Prophet" is a newspaper controlled by an individual who, by dint of

basking in the rays of the full moon while under the influence of a drug concocted by the Grand Lama at Lhasa, is enabled to predict the events of the next twenty-four hours. The effect on the country of a daily paper which publishes its news before instead of after it has taken place may be imagined, and the idea, in the hands of one capable of developing it, contains the material for a sensational, if wholly improbable, tale. Mr. Walderick's story is improbable enough to satisfy the most exacting critic, but it is also deplorably clumsy and dreary. His prophet, a hysterical person with a taste for the melodramatic, which he gratifies by "dressing for the part" either in a species of white dressing-gown or in "a suit of shining mail," relates his experiences among the Lamas with a long-winded precision which savours more of the "ninth hole" story of the golf enthusiast than of the doings of a gay adventurer, and the whole book is a pathetic mixture of clumsy exaggeration and dreary commonplace. The sporting young woman who takes pot-shots at his magic bottles with a revolver and nearly succeeds in killing the prophet himself has our full sympathy and approval.

Vaiti of the Islands. By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

LONG experience has taught us to look with suspicion upon books dealing with dusky heroines and South Sea islands. There is no end to the extravagances that may be committed by a lady with a ring through her nose, lightly dressed in cocoanut matting, and when the author's inspiration fails him he has only, alas! to fall back upon the tropical beauties of the plants and scenery to spin out the requisite number of pages. This time, however, we were agreeably surprised. *Vaiti* is no savage beauty, but the half-civilised daughter of a rascally Englishman and a Maori princess, and her adventures on board her father's pirate schooner are good reading. Besides being able to play "The Maiden's Prayer" on the piano and wear a Paris gown with distinction, she is capable of commanding an unruly native crew and of wielding a belaying-pin with deadly effect. The varied incidents of her chequered career are racily and amusingly told. Miss Grimshaw evidently knows the South Sea Islands well and puts her knowledge to good account. It would be interesting to know how long the ruler of Liali survived his marriage with *Vaiti*: we are inclined to echo her wicked old father and exclaim: "God help the king!"

The Cardinal's Secret. By GARRETT MILL. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THERE is one among the standard seventy-six plots for novels which inevitably betrays the woman novelist. It might be said almost to be her monopoly in fiction and the examination of the reasons for her attraction to it would be an interesting psychological study. What this particular plot is, we will not say, but it is treated with much deftness and considerable insight in "The Cardinal's Secret" by the lady who elects to be known as "Garrett Mill." She writes neatly and well, with a finesse in words and a precision in sentences that give distinction to her book. The characters are cleverly drawn and interesting. The heroine's egotistical consciousness of her own complex temperament is clearly marked. The difference that marriage makes in a woman is seen in the bolder tactics and fewer emotional scruples of her rival, the widow. There is room for doubt, however, as to the reality of the man Mark Dare, K.C., M.P. "The Cardinal" of the title plays his part well, and there are some delicious passing glimpses of an Anglican dean, who becoming a teetotaler, in order to square practice with precept, gives utterance to the dictum: "Whisky and soda! An excellent thing in its place, but I am convinced that my home is not the place for it." With Mayfair and Rome alternating as the scene of the story there is a sufficient variety of interest in this thoroughly workmanlike, readable book, and that in an era of slipshod fiction can be said of few novels.

The Pursuit of the President. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Routledge, 2s. 6d.)

THIS book treats, at some length, of the pursuit of the unfortunate President of the Scandals Board, by earth, sea and air, by the beautiful and single-hearted leader of the English woman-suffrage agitation. The pursuit, although the lady triumphs, does not terminate in quite so complete a capture of the President as some readers—owing to the account of her charms—will have begun to imagine:

Madam Domino. By W. BOURNE COOKE. (Sisleys, 6s.)

WHEN a publisher sees fit to remark at length upon the excellence of a book, it inevitably suggests the idea that most of his books are of an inferior quality: it is as though he were to say: "This novel is not as bad as are the novels I usually publish." This shopman's propensity is always a mistake; in matters of literature it is an offensive mistake—below the dignity of letters. In this case it is particularly irritating, because the notice might go far to prejudice intelligent readers against a good book. "*Madam Domino*" is a capital book. Mr. Cooke makes no pretensions. He sets out to write an exciting story, and he succeeds admirably. His story is delightful—chiefly for the reason that those things which are advertised as present in quantity in his book, and which would damn any book by their presence, are conspicuously absent. Mr. Cooke writes simply and with gusto. His plot is ingeniously contrived. It is frankly incredible: but he pays proper disregard to probability. Or, to speak more accurately, he knows his business sufficiently well not to flinch, as it were, at fences; he makes no long explanations which serve only to rouse the careful reader's suspicions, but swings gaily along on his jocund way. The characters, too, are handled with the same lightness and gaiety as the plot: and they are very charming. Gab Scamp is a splendid old salt: his one-armed master, the admiral, in whose service Gab eventually dies with honour, is a human and vigorous figure: the mysterious *Madam Domino* is thrilling in her beauty and loyalty and mystery; and the faithful steward who relates the surprising events richly deserves to marry his master's daughter. The whole story is fresh and alive, and as fine a romance as it has been our good fortune to read for many a day.

MUSIC

THE MADRIGAL IN ENGLAND

To gauge the extent of the influence of poetry and music upon one another in the Elizabethan age is a task complicated by the difficulty of distinguishing cause and effect. There is no doubt that the English school of madrigal composers attained to its unprecedented eminence largely through the fact that the madrigal was brought to England at a time when this country was rich in lyric poets, rich that is to say, not only in the poets whose names and works live together for all time, but prolific in rhymesters who were ready to turn out verse, and good verse too, in the special mould which was suitable for musical treatment. It appears then that the exotic madrigal was nurtured by the poets, and that, once rooted in our soil, it conditioned the form of a large quantity of minor poetry which usually contained apt and neatly turned expression of ideas, if in no sense original. A few words as to the musical form will help to make clear the influence, perhaps "tyranny" were a fitter word, which it exercised over the poetry written for it. Its two main features were polyphony and continuity. The basis of polyphony is this, that a work is written for a number of voice parts (generally four, five or six) each one of which is equal in musical interest. In the best

madrigals, as in the best Church music, the parts have a certain likeness, they sing the same musical phrases at different times; now one part is prominent, another succeeds it, a third carries on the interest to greater heights by singing the same fragment of melody while parts one and two have other themes of new interest, and so on. To the listener the sound is wonderfully cumulative, while the singer, engaged with his own part, no matter what it may be, soprano or tenor, alto or bass, has a melodic outline to sing of beauty as engrossing as a solo song, yet contributing to a result greater than can be attained in any solo art. Moreover, the madrigal proper had no break in its texture from beginning to end; periodic cadences it necessarily contained, but these were so arranged as not to produce a feeling of complete finality. No sooner was such a cadence arrived at than one part would propose a new theme or a new presentment of an old theme with the result that a fresh set of imitative passages in the various parts was induced and another passage of tonal weaving undertaken. These characteristics of shape and texture imposed corresponding limitations upon the poetry to be allied to such music. First, the idea had to be of the simplest; when there was so much musical complexity none but a simple, poetic idea could be clearly expressed to the listener. Then it must be one; no chain of thought could be developed, since the continuity of words was broken by the repetitions needed to get in all the imitative musical phrases. From this it followed that the form of the poem was necessarily short, that it was generally written in a single stanza of from four to ten lines, containing a single idea, perhaps some pretty conceit, of the joys and sorrows of love, or perhaps, by way of change, taking up such a philosophic attitude as the following, which occurs in the first book by Thomas Weelkes (1600).

Retire my thoughts, unto your rest again;
Your proffer'd service may incur disdain:
The dice are cast, and if the gamblers please,
I'll take my chance, and rest myself at ease.

The madrigal produced prettier stuff than this; instances will occur to every lover of Elizabethan poetry and to quote is to give every reader an opportunity of producing a happier example. Gibbons, who had a taste for setting more thoughtful words than many of his contemporaries, made one of his most beautiful madrigals from the following.

Ah dear heart, why do you rise?
The light that shines comes from your eyes.
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part;

and in a lighter vein may be recalled the well-known

Love not me for comely grace,

which John Wilbye set. The same composer wrote one of his finest works upon the words "Sweet honey-sucking bees," which were lately quoted in the ACADEMY. Instead of quoting them again it may be of interest to give the Latin *Batum* of Joannes Secundus (circa 1533) from which they come.

Mellilegae volucres, quid adhuc thyma cana rosasque,
Et rorem vernae nectarium violae
Lingitis, aut florem late spirantis anethi?
Omnes, ad dominae labra, venite, meae.
Illa rosas spirant omnes, thymaque omnia sola,
Et succum vernae nectarium violae.
Heu! non et stimulis compungite molle labellum,
Ex oculis stimulus vibrat et illa pares.
Credite, non alium patietur vulnus inultum,
Lenites innocuae mella legatis, apes.

This recalls to mind the part played by translations in the poetry of the English madrigal. The work most instrumental in popularising the madrigal in England was "Musica Transalpina" in which a number of fine madrigals by Italian masters were printed in 1588 with literal and

often crude English translations. The following shows both these features.

So spacious is thy sweet self
So fair, so framed;
That whoso sees thee
Without a heart inflamed,
Either he lives not,
Or love's delight he knows not.

Original:

Sei tanto graziosa, e tanto bella,
Che chi ti mira, e non ti don'il core,
O non è vivo, o non conore' amore.

English composers took the words to make new settings—John Bennett set these particular verses again eleven years later—and poets used them as models. It is remarkable that the book of William Byrde, also published in the same year (1588) under the title "Psalms, sonnets and songs of Sadness and Pietie," contains very few poems which, strictly speaking, belong to the madrigal type; more often the composer chose one or two stanzas from poems like "My mind to me a kingdom is," which were written without reference to music and with little suitability to musical treatment. In the books of madrigals which from that time forward it became the fashion for every composer of any repute to publish, the proportion of poems in true madrigal form is very much larger. The Italian influence was not always of the best. Unfortunately in the fine set of madrigals by a variety of English composers, known as "The Triumphs of Oriana," the words, copied straight from the stiff Italian models, have but little interest or beauty apart from the music. This was largely due to the fact that the words were planned to flatter the queen in whose honour the works were undertaken, and were not the result of a genuine poetic feeling; we must be thankful that the same characteristic had little or no effect upon the quality of the music.

That it had not exemplified in a striking way how little the words influenced the composition of the music, beyond the fact that an age so prolific in lyric poetry offered abundance of material to musical composers. Poetry had a strong influence upon music outside the strict madrigal form. After the first enthusiasm for madrigal writing was over, composers had to seek other directions for the employment of their art and to find in poems of various types fit material for music. In the ballets, ayres and songs of Morley, Dowland and others, the right of the verse to preserve its identity asserted itself, and the music began to conform to the shape of the poetic stanza, so that, to name only one instance, in Dowland's setting of "His golden locks," we find it completely moulded to the outline of the poem. To trace the course of this influence would be to engage upon a subject too large to be dealt with here, and it is only touched upon to recall the fact that a very large proportion of secular vocal music of the Elizabethan age has no more right to be included under the name of the madrigal than has the modern part-song. The madrigal was the chief, and from the musical point of view the noblest, among the forms in which poetry and music were combined.

I leave it to the readers of the ACADEMY to decide whether the fault lies with the music or the poetry of today that we have no choral art fit to be compared with the madrigal of 1600. Instead of embarking on so delicate a question I prefer to point to one healthy effort to revive the works of that time, which is going on in London under the name of "The Oriana Madrigal Society." That society has undertaken the reprint of some of the madrigals and other compositions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and I have lying before me specimens in which Bateson's beautiful five-part madrigal, "Down the hills Corina trips," Wilbye's "Happy, Oh, happy he," and others are printed in clear, modern notation and carefully edited. It is good to print but it is better to sing, and this society practises and performs its music in

such a way as to make it intelligible and beautiful to all hearers, even those who are quite unlearned in the laws of polyphonic music. Mr. Kennedy Scott, the society's conductor, has written a small book on madrigal singing which should help to draw attention to this great heritage of English madrigals. Everything which does this is welcome, but it must be remembered that madrigals were not written for concerts, or to be sung by choral societies to passive audiences. They were written for the enjoyment of those who took part in them; the part books were handed round after supper and, as Morley in his "Plaine and easie Introduction" describes, the company were expected to make their own music. Here is a consideration for those who seek for the cause of the decay of choral art. Let me end by quoting and heartily endorsing the couplet with which old Byrde closed the preface of his book above-mentioned :

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"IN DEFENCE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a writer in defence of Protestantism and the Bible I am prepared for hard blows from the ACADEMY. But I resent "hitting below the belt"; and there is one paragraph in your notice of my book "In Defence," which offends in this respect. Your Reviewer writes: "He dismisses Darwinism in a brief chapter with the airy remark that 'in the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered.' Equally reckless and irresponsible is the statement in his last chapter, 'The aim of the Higher Criticism is to banish God from the Bible.'"

The "airy remark" here attributed to me is part of a quotation from Karl von Hartmann, given under his name, and printed in inverted commas.

And is it fair to quote that dictum about Higher Criticism, apart from my emphatic and prominently placed statement that "I am not referring to that admirable and useful system of Bible study to which the title of H. C. properly belongs, but to 'the H. C.' in inverted commas—a German rationalistic crusade against the scripture"? That this "H. C." brings down the Bible to the level of a merely human book is the blatant boast of its chief exponents.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

August 5.

[Our Reviewer writes: It is quite true that the "airy remark" referred to was made by Karl von Hartmann; but as Sir Robert Anderson expressly quotes it with approval and adopts it as his own sentiment I cannot agree that I have done him any injustice or misrepresented his meaning or contention in any way. As regards the "Higher Criticism" Sir Robert Anderson indulges in a mere quibble. Apparently no one should be called an exponent of the "Higher Criticism" unless he agrees with Sir Robert Anderson. The author is, of course, at perfectly liberty to pose as a "higher" critic just as he poses as a defender of the Bible but I still doubt whether his work will help either the "Higher Criticism" or the Bible.]

NOVEL REVIEWING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am glad to see that Mr. Wyndham has been speaking his mind about literary criticism. It is a subject on which much might be said. I am not here going to enter upon the general question, but it may be interesting to call attention to one very amusing essay which Mr. Wyndham has evoked. This is a leading article in the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*, in which the editor confesses his astonishment that "a contributor to the ACADEMY should discuss newspaper reviews of novels under the impression that he is writing about 'literary criticism.'"

The writer goes on to say that "the reviewer who writes most of the more important notices of novels in our columns is a gentleman of independent position, a highly-placed public official, and a successful author, who has never taken a penny for his reviews during

all the years he has written for us." Further, we are told that when this "gentleman of independent" etc. "gets a novel which is literature, he writes a literary criticism; otherwise his notices are merely the expression of the opinion of a man of fine taste as to whether a story is or is not worth reading."

Now after this astonishing confession, let me take a *Post and Mercury* review. And let me take the review of a book which is generally acknowledged to be as like literature as any novel published during the past eight months—Mr. Galsworthy's "Country House." This review, I should perhaps say, appeared in the *Post and Mercury* on June 12 among "Novels of the Week" though the book was published in the first week of March.

"'The Country House' by John Galsworthy (William Heinemann) is a somewhat peculiar book, inasmuch as the characters are drawn cynically and sympathetically in almost equal degree. The turning of words is clever, but the general theme is unconvincing."

I think you will agree that a review of that sort of one of the novels of a year is about "the limit." If the "gentleman of" etc. refuses payment for reviews like that, who can be surprised?

The irritating thing about the business is that the paper which prints reviews like this is constantly pretending to be a "literary" journal. And what is perhaps even more irritating some people take it at its own valuation.

LIVERPOLITAN.

A QUESTION FOR LITERARY WORKERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I invite, for possible mutual benefit, the experiences of literary workers in combating noise during their hours at the desk? I can work without distraction in a noise which, however great, is continuous—say in the roar of Fleet Street or the Strand. But I cannot work without serious annoyance in noise which is only occasional and therefore noticeable. I reside in the suburbs. My house stands in its own grounds, but there are always the inevitable noises of neighbours to contend with. If my windows are open the romping of children, even a game of croquet or tennis going on over my fence disturbs me in my thoughts. Now, I think I have read somewhere of how Herbert Spencer wore ear caps to shut out disturbing sounds. Perhaps some reader of the ACADEMY can tell us if such an appliance is effective, what is its nature, and whether it is easily obtainable, and where?

DISTRACTED.

ARTISTS AS CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With the general drift of the interesting letter on "Plain Mannerism," by Mr. Robert Ross in your issue of August 3, I am in general agreement, but he incidentally opens up one or two questions of general interest apart from the controversy with Mr. Sickert. Mr. Ross seems to have been as unfortunate in his acquaintance with artists as with critics. Of the list of critics he gives one half are the Little Bethelites of art, in no sense critics, but advocates of certain narrow sectional movements and interests, who are so warped by anti-Academy bias that we have to boldly invert their judgments before we can approximate to the truth. The artists of Mr. Ross's acquaintance seem to have been of the same narrow and prejudiced order or he would not have said that "an artist . . . has a limited appreciation of fine things; no artist will ever allow for the margin of taste." And again: "When you get a painter's estimate of a contemporary it is always suspect if not actually wrong. If the painter is an artist, he cannot appreciate a point of view antagonistic to his own."

That many great artists have given deplorably narrow and prejudiced judgments of other artists is but too sadly true; but a wide acquaintance with artists will show that they are at once the best and the worst of critics. Artists who belong to cliques fighting for their own hand are the blindest of all. But there are many artists whose work is thorough and conscientious who have a great admiration for styles of work the antithesis of their own; who feeling the unattainableness of their own ideals eagerly welcome the efforts of men working on lines differing from their own, these artists with broad sympathies are the best of critics; and to listen to their criticism is a liberal education in itself. Criticism from the disappointed artist is generally warped and tinged with bitterness. There are many men who are worshippers of

success, and who strive for it on any terms, who simply admire the work of men who have made a noise. Their opinions are often not artistic judgments at all, they are merely the admiration of success.

High artistic faculty is often only one phase of great general ability, accompanied with the insight and the intuitions of genius; when the possessor of such high faculty has been compelled by a mental necessity to grapple with the great problems of existence, and sees Art in its right relations as one phase of the spiritual activities, sees its meaning, purpose and significance, he will easily see through the shams of the present into the realities of the future. The crying need of the time is for such men; but these are the very men who, having attained mental serenity, shrink from losing it by entering the arena and doing battle with the follies, foolish fads and fashions, and the blatant vulgarity of the "Modernity Movements" which have been so strangely mistaken for progress. Until such men throw off their too self-regarding timidity and determine to sacrifice themselves for the good of Art we shall have the Little Bethelites posing as full-fledged critics, and have to see the foolish pronouncements of little men on great ones which make critics and criticism alike ridiculous.

At the same time I utterly repudiate the claim that artists are the only judges of Art. Art has many facets, serves many ends, and should be judged from many standpoints; and the opinion of the art-and-nature lovers, who have not been spoiled by that dangerous "little knowledge" of technique, is of great value even to artists themselves. As one of our great artists said: "I always like to get the opinion of the common people, so I go and ask my wife!"

E. WAKE COOK.

"POETRY AND MORAL IDEAS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As "a plain man," I have been much interested in Mr. Brock's article on this subject and the correspondence which has ensued. I imagine that all that really need be said thereon has already been said by Matthew Arnold in his "Wordsworth" essay and J. A. Symonds in his very suggestive discussion of the question "Is poetry at bottom a criticism of Life?" (The proposition is, I think, Arnold's and not—as apparently suggested by your contributor—Voltaire's, though it is based on Voltaire's remark to the effect that "the great merit of English poets was their treatment in poetry of moral ideas.") But I apprehend that it is the privilege, or licence, of "the plain man," after all has been said, still to talk on. The advantage of the system is that it may serve to clear the minds of the talker and those with whom he talks—plain men also, in all probability!—and perchance a fresh spark may be struck.

This, then, is "how it strikes a contemporary"! The best poetry has two chief component parts,—absolutely distinct yet each absolutely essential—*Matter* and *Manner*. To be a great poet, therefore, one must be a thinker,—not only a thinker but an imaginative thinker,—not only an imaginative thinker but one who can write verse,—not only one who can write verse but one who can compose such lines as, if meaningless, could be read for the mere pleasure of listening to their music. No wonder that such poets are few!

It must, however, be insisted that they who "build the lofty rhyme" must have as sure a foundation as any other builder. The foundation, we have seen, is Thought: the profoundest thought relates to Life: "How to Live?" is the most moral idea that exists,—and so we can hope to have arrived at the *Matter*.

As to the *Manner* or Style. Have you, Sir, or have some, or any, or has one of your readers shared with me the discovery of the following pleasant test? *Recipe*—"a book of verse," and "a Bough,"—well-advertised ingredients!—an aromatic pipe,—my own, this!—then "lie in vacant or in pensive mood"—and so, having lulled the active mind to quiescence, allow the sub-liminal consciousness—for a time—to be steeped in the pure beauty of unuttered "sound," until awakened to full consciousness by an echo in your own voice of "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that carry glad tidings" or some other equally unusual and vague remark—for "a plain man." (A thousand apologies for the implied suggestion!) After this "debauch of the imagination" read the same poem with receptive mind and have your "feast of reason." I think it will be found that all the Great Poets stand the test, though it would appear that such an one as Browning requires other considerations. Although he has the words the "first fine careless rapture," he would not appear to have been able to reproduce the experience to any

great extent. Indeed, he always seems to me to be one of those to whom Mr. Brock refers as thinking aloud in his verse, I think it is for this reason (please use small print!) that he appeals to his lady admirers very largely.—They always like to see "how it's done!" "Reads verse and thinks she understands" is Browning's own caustic comment on the kind.

I fear this letter is already too long but I cannot forbear pointing out that the line (apparently quoted from Arnold's essay by Mr. Brock from memory):

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,"

is not quoted by Arnold as an instance of the expression of a moral idea but as a typical example of style—and this does seem to indicate "mental confusion" on the part of Mr. Brock exactly in the direction wherein I have tried above to show lies a distinction.

W. BENNETT.

August 5.

P.S.—I should like that "plain man" expression withdrawn! Are we not all plain men—"poor children of nature"—however literary and sophisticated?

"SAPPHIRE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Skeat has done a very useful thing in bringing before the notice of the readers of the ACADEMY the interesting history of the word "sapphire." I daresay he is right when he tells us that the whole history of the word has never before been laid before the English reader in any dictionary of English etymology. But it may be well to point out that the derivation of "sapphire" from a Sanskrit source has been for many years an etymology familiar to students of the Hebrew and Greek languages. The view that *σαπφειρος* is a loan-word (through the Hebrew *sappir*) from the Sanskrit *śanipriya* ("amatus a Saturno planeta") has been maintained since the year 1892 in works written in the English language at home and in the United States of America. The Sanskrit origin of "sapphire" was pointed out as long ago as 1892 by W. Muss-Arnolt in his treatise "On Semitic Words in Greek and Latin," printed in the Transactions of the American Philological Association, vol. xxiii. p. 139. The equation is also mentioned in the "Hebrew and English Lexicon" (published in Oxford). In the article on *sappir* references are given to articles by P. de Legarde and Lewy in support of this etymology. And it is noticed by W. Prellwitz in his Etymological Dictionary of the Greek Language (1905).

I see that in Macdonell's Sanskrit Dictionary there appears as a name for the planet Saturn not only *śani*, but the name *śanaic-cara* which means "moving slowly." This appears to corroborate Professor Skeat's conjecture that the planet's name *śani*—was given it from its slowness of motion.

A. L. MAYHEW.

MR. SHAW'S THEOLOGY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Many, like myself, must regret that Lady Grove and Mr. Bernard Shaw have grown weary of discussing in your columns the nature of God. Can it be that Mr. Shaw's unpublished letters have shared the fate of the "Disproof of God's Existence" in "The New Republic," and been used to wrap up a damp sponge while his luggage was being packed ere he left town? And Lady Grove's views—can they have found a place in some Collection of Antiquities?

At any rate, the discussion is dead; and I enclose a little dirge which has reached me this morning from America. It is the work of Father John B. Tabb, whose light verse has already appeared now and then in the ACADEMY.

O PSHAW SHAW!

A God there exists, it is stated,
But he has to be often berated;
And he says: "'Tis of Shaw
That I stand most in awe,
Though he claims we are closely related."

I may add that a selection from Father Tabb's light verse is to be published in America in the autumn. His "serious" poetry is already well known in this country.

H. C.

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